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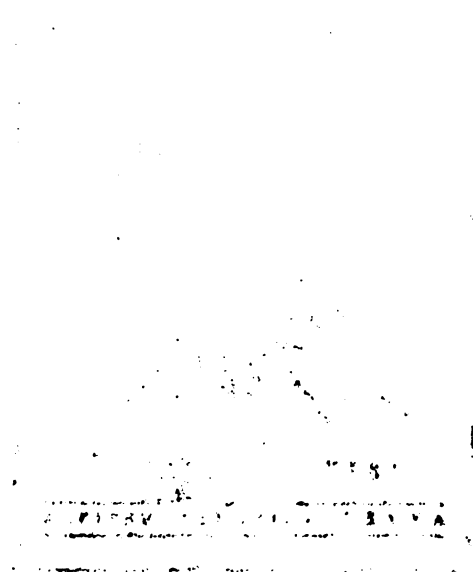
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B. AND O.

PICTURESQUE

B. AND O.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

By ^{Joseph G. Pangborn}
J. G. PANGBORN.

SUBSCRIPTION EDITION.

CHICAGO:
KNIGHT & LEONARD.
1883.



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1883

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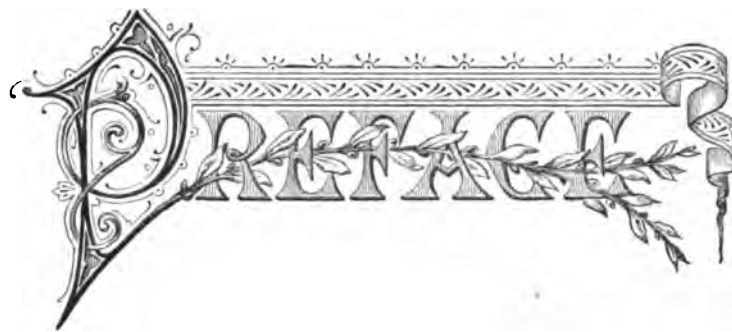
DEDICATION.

THOUGH the period of man's life is but as a span, giants in intellect and energy mature even within the confines of three score and ten. Of such is President JOHN W. GARRETT, and to him this volume is justly dedicated. His conception and perfection of the system of management has for upward of a quarter of a century made the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company the synonym throughout two hemispheres for absolute stability. Chosen to assume the control when the corporation was in comparative infancy, he has so stamped the impress of his own strong and clean-cut character upon the progress of the road that the bulwarks of its position are unassailable. His influence permeates all channels of interest and service, and as he has led the way the Company, its officers and its men have followed, and to-day the Baltimore and Ohio stands upon the very pinnacle of development, its president revered, and its management authoritative in the councils of the railroad world.

B1026



*Yours very truly
John W. Garrett*



THE tale of the weeks spent upon the Picturesque Line of America is told as each day unfolded new phases of Nature's gifts so lavishly dispensed over the country to which the narrative refers. The outline of the early history and of the present magnitude of the organization which has indelibly stamped its impress upon American progress will induce renewed admiration for its half century's devotion to the principles of true and enduring advancement. The memories of the strife, the final throes of which a nation waited long years for with bated breath, will be greeted as are those kindled by the reverent glance upon the treasured possessions of the loved and the lost. Out of the great heart of a united people has bitterness been plucked, and he who wore the blue stands by the side of him who wore the gray; scenes of past animosities are hallowed in the eyes of both, and tribute tender and touching is paid to the grand heroism

of friend and foe alike. The narrative throughout is the reflection of that which was seen, was heard, and was enjoyed. No more faithful is the pen of the scribe than the pencil of the artist.

Every engraving that appears in these pages is new, and, without a single exception, made from nature—not from photographs, as is customary even in illustrated works of merit. Further, all were drawn and cut for exclusive use in this work, without having in immediate view their utility for subsequent appearance in magazines. The unapproachable character of the illustrations is evidenced in themselves. The fact that Thomas Moran had furnished upward of seventy new drawings for any work would at once establish its high character in the first art circles, and when are added to the productions of this celebrated artist those of such coadjutors as W. Hamilton Gibson, Sol. Eytinge, J. O. Davidson, W. L. Sheppard, A. Fredericks, George G. White, Hamilton Hamilton, C. M. Jenckes, Paul Dixon, W. A. Fittler, F. B. Schell, J. Hogan, G. Ferris and A. C. Warren, a determination to attain excellence cannot fail to be apparent. In keeping with the fame of the artists is the roll of the engravers, including as it does the names of Karst, Bogert, Morse, Harley, Lauderbach, Clement, Davis, Mayer, Smart, Brighton, Filmer, Held, Pettit, Rae, Schoonmaker, and the American Bank Note Company.



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OFF.





T YELLOWSTONE Y said he would come down by the Elevated, allowing twenty minutes to make it in from the Fifth Avenue. Ben had with characteristic good nature volunteered to give his personal attention to the finishing details, and leaving the B. and O. office, three-fifteen Broadway, would meet Yellowstone at the depot, foot of Cortlandt Street. The Fairy, as usual, had a hundred and one things to do within the last hour, and decided it would be most convenient to reach the busy shores of North River at the Desbrosses Street depot. Young Luap, being the only unmarried man, had to stand more upon the order of his going—the dear creature in Brooklyn necessitating close figuring on the time of the annex boat. Thus it happened that the Four started from almost as many points of the compass for the common destination, the Jersey City depot, whence the B. and O. trains start westward. All roads lead to Rome, and

such was the case in this instance, with the slight modification of substituting Jersey for Rome. Yellowstone and Ben on the Cortlandt Street ferry, and the Fairy on the Desbrosses Street boat, sailed serenely into adjoining slips, while the young gallant, fresh from the embraces of the girl he left behind him, reached a neighboring pier almost at the same instant.

It is no great number of years ago that a reunion of four kindred spirits could not have taken place with such little exertion and ease in transit. The memory of the oldest inhabitant is not absolutely essential to discover, in the whirligig of time, the day when to reach the foot of Cortlandt Street was a matter of hours, even after satisfying the demands of the gentle hackman. To get down from anywhere between Twenty-third Street and Central Park was more fatiguing than is the journey to Washington, while the jaunt over from Brooklyn was an outrageous loss of time, considering how short this life is. Now, the elevated roads on the one hand and the annex boats on the other give a man a chance to breathe. The Sixth and Eighth Avenue lines have stations on Cortlandt Street (both within two or three squares of the depot) and uptown people who are pressed for time can save it by going to the depot at the foot of Desbrosses Street. Ferries from the streets named, as well as the annex boats from the foot of Fulton Street, Brooklyn, run directly to the depot on the Jersey side, making sharp connection with the B. and O. trains.

It was the seven P.M. train the quartet was seeking, and a right royal one it proved to be. With baggage and express cars, passenger coaches and sleeping cars, its length was suggestive of the mighty power of steam; while the general beauty of construction and exterior embellishment betokened a keenness of perception in combining the

practical with the artistic which was highly creditable to the Company. This seven o'clock express on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is in several respects without an equal among all the through trains leaving the metropolis. In the railroad literature of the day the absence from general usage of a term to concisely express a new feature is by no means a bar to its procurement. As it is with the shop-keeper—"If you don't see what you want, ask for it"—so it is with the railroad man; what he lacks in nomenclature, he invents. The seven o'clock train has at least one feature not possessed by any other to the West from New York: it runs through without change of cars of any class whatever. This requires that it be distinctively known; hence it is termed the Solid Train. Another advantage lies in the fact that by no other line out of New York city can passengers destined for Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Columbus and Chicago leave together on the same train. This, as can readily be imagined, is oftentimes a source of no little pleasure, as friends bound for these different points may travel together for nearly, if not quite, half the journey. The train as it is made up runs through "solid" to Chicago, but to it are attached palace cars passing direct to Cincinnati and St. Louis. To those who, from choice or necessity, make the journey from New York to the Garden City in the regular passenger coach, the convenience of a car traversing the entire distance without change requires no extended comment. Since the introduction of sleeping cars the fatigue of a long journey has been greatly lessened, as the principal lines dispatch them to all leading cities. Still, it is not every man who cares to, or can, go to the expense of these specially-provided luxuries; and by such the privilege of occupying a through coach without extra cost is certainly appreciated. It often happens, on routes where changes of cars are necessitated,

that they are made during the night ; and while this may not be of much moment to a man traveling alone, it is a very serious inconvenience when there are ladies or children to be moved. In any event, it is decidedly preferable to be permitted to remain in one car ; and the B. and O., in leading off with the solid-train system, deserves the heartiest commendation.

Such was the unanimous verdict of the quartet, rendered on behalf of the traveling public, but personally the different members thereof had vastly more to praise. It was no ordinary party, at least in the estimation of its members ; and to a certain extent this conceit was shared by the railroad management, as Mr. Samuel Spencer, Third Vice-President, had placed his private car at the disposal of the Four. It was attached to the seven o'clock train immediately behind the sleeper for Chicago ; and Tom stood at the door to welcome the quartet with all the deferential politeness and smiles of the typical Maryland darky. Tom, as steward of No. 217, duly appreciated his exalted position in all its bearings, as also did the Four ; and speedily the understanding between white and black was all that could be desired. Yellowstone had the bridal chamber, or, in other words, the most palatial of the state-rooms. The Fairy found a resting-place for his sylph-like form in the other stateroom, while Ben and Luap divided between them the two sumptuous lounges in the main saloon of the car. The accommodations were fit for princes, and all retired the first night to dream of the closest intimacy with railway monarchs.

T. Yellowstone Y, artist and traveler, was the most energetic seeker after the picturesque in nature that ever climbed a mountain or took a yawning chasm at a single leap. As light on his feet as a mountain goat, he had no more conception of fear than if he were made of rubber,



YELLOWSTONE.

and the fall of a thousand feet was simply the question of how high he might rebound on striking the rocks below. Known of fame on both sides of the "big pond," he was none the less an agreeable companion; reputation and high position in his profession being to him most satisfactorily represented in the ruling price of his productions. Socially unassuming and considerate, a charming talker, and a musician of rare power, it was good to be with him.

B. Franklin, or Ben for short, noble in physical proportions and great of heart, never knew the time when he would not rather serve others than help himself. He was possessed of the happiest of faculties, that of being always on the alert to do a favor, and never at a loss to comprehend just how it should be done. The most inquisitive individual that ever acquired the growth of six feet in his stockings, the life-history of man, woman or child was to him as easy of extraction as the juice from an orange; the process was so natural that his features were the constant personification of innocence; and one might well be condoned the doubt as to sugar melting in his mouth. Such virtue as there is said to be in the laughter that tends to fat-growing, Ben could be depended upon to demonstrate; and when convulsions seemed most imminent there would be upon his face an expression of guileless wonderment that simply capped the climax of hilarity. The last to bed at night and the first up in the morning, his animation tired not, his good spirits knew no flagging, and his tongue consistently retained that degree of activity best calculated to make him a match for the liveliest mother-in-law.

The Fairy (so called from the fact of his waistband measuring fifty odd inches, and of his pedal extremities being of such dimensions as to hint at the need of an



BEN.

uncommon building for the erection of their coverings) was of a literary turn of mind with a strong tendency to art. Almost as large one way as the other—and quite as full of the “Old Nick” as a sixteen-year-old—when not eating, sketching or taking notes, he could be counted upon as sure to infuse animation into inanimate things lying loose about the car. Fond of the good things of this life, and by general consent the caterer of the party, three square meals per day were as certain as that the Fairy’s avoirdupois exceeded two hundred and a quarter. Between him and Tom there straightway was established a fellow-feeling making them wondrous kind, and which was destined to communicate its filling influences to the party entire.

Young Luap was, in his way, as striking an attraction as any in the menagerie, and although the last of the Four to be trotted out, was by no means entitled to such place by reason of characteristics lacking; indeed he possessed them to such a degree as to almost require an apology for not mentioning him first. Smart as a whip, but far from as pliable, he comprehended more in a moment than the rest of the quartet could grasp in a week. At that age when the diploma is looked upon as letters patent to the possession of the world, any hesitancy in according him the absolute ownership was met by prompt disputation. To him white might be black if he so pleased, and no knight of old fought more bravely for his lady-love than Luap for his contradictions. At sight an æsthete would declare him “a gainsay young man,” and hit the nail upon the head. He must have come into the world contradicting everybody who played any part in his advent. But he was an enjoyable associate, his pet conceit adding spice to his intercourse, and his uniformly good nature in doing anything within his



FAIRY.

power for anybody calling forth the warmest affection. But few of his age were blessed with a brighter or clearer intellect; and when ten years older, and he finds there is still a great deal he does not know, he will be the better for it. History fails to record the exact location of his boyhood habitation, but if in the country, then most certain it is that the orchards in the immediate vicinity suffered. In the apple-eating line Luap was so distinguished a success that he was forthwith dubbed Apple Jack, and as such the narrative will know him.

It would hardly be fair to give Tom the cold shoulder by ignoring his claims to a place in this picture-gallery. Aside from the importance of the position which he filled at his end of the car, he was a good deal of a "character," having in his general make-up several points rather out of the average. Short, and so compressed that his head and body seemed to be in constant conflict as to where the one left off or the other began. Physically speaking, he was not particularly symmetrical, yet his face was decidedly attractive—beauty in bronze relief, but beauty nevertheless. Like all chunky, thick-set men, his strength was something to measure well before calling it into violent action; but unlike the majority of vassals of his color, he was active, energetic, and slept only when there was nothing else for him to do. He was like lightning, culinarily speaking, and the celerity with which he could prepare, cook and "spread" was amazing. As faithful to his promises as in his fealty to those he served, his delight was a word of praise; and it was his pride that he never presumed upon it.

Tom found an old acquaintance in the porter of the sleeping car ahead, and returned therefrom with such glowing accounts of the elegance of the new sleeper that the Four resolved to have a look at it. Yellowstone,



APPLE JACK.

owing to his distinction in art circles, was made chief of inspectors, and, with three assistants in the rear, proceeded to business. The car proved indeed to be "a thing of beauty," and while possibly not "a joy forever," still its staunch construction, its spacious dimensions and stately proportions amply justified the conviction that it was no creation of a day. The traveling public, after years and years of primitive simplicity in the matter of railroad accommodations, might well have been pardoned the belief that the great corporation which practically introduced and perfected the sleeping-car system could have no successful rival. So long had journeys been made by night and by day in the ordinary coach, that the traveler hailed as a liberator from torture the man whose name to-day is a household word. No man, however, has accomplished that which the coming man cannot excel. This true, it must pass without dispute that when so loyal an advocate of this principle as the B. and O. entered the field of sleeping-car competition there could not be any retrogression; instead the initial step was taken from a point where monopoly had declared no foot should be placed. As a matter of course there was a war of words, fat fees for lawyers, and all that sort of thing. It was the same old story of the canine in the feed-box, with this significant exception, that the canine must be understood as taking an airing with his caudal extremity in a manner admirably adjusted to a rail whereon to ride. The sleeping cars were not only built and equipped, but were placed where they would be of the greatest benefit alike to the public and the Company. Contrary to the rule of construction which had prevailed, the sleepers were not built as are watches now-a-days, with every part so exact that it is not of the slightest concern in which watch the parts are employed to insure completeness. There never was a time



TOM.

when the love of the artistic was more strongly displayed and the highest taste in all things better defined than at the present day. And this is by no means confined to the wealthy class, for the possession of much money is no more the evidence of culture than it was during the shoddy days of the war. To a greater or less extent this elevation in taste attaches to every class of society, its actual development being oftentimes curbed by limited circumstances, which effectually prevent many persons artistically inclined from giving full play to their desires. No one would deem it in good taste to furnish and decorate the interiors of a square of fine residences alike, with the system of repetition so rigidly perfect that the transposing of articles from one house to another would not be noticed. As the lover of the beautiful finds fresh sources of gratification in visiting new scenes, so should the traveler have novel revelations of artistic effects when within the contracted confines of a railway car. Monotony is disagreeable at all times, and never more so than when upon a journey. Appreciating this, and at the same time imbued with the all-prevailing passion for the artistic, the Company, in the building of sleeping and parlor cars, had them designed in nearly as many different styles of decoration and furnishing as there were cars. All the beautiful woods now so popular for interior use were introduced — mahogany, oak, rosewood, black-walnut, maple, ash, etc. The upholstering and fresco work matched in every instance. While thus studying earnestly to please the eye, it was none the less to insure that comfort to the body without which all else would be but "love's labor lost." There were many opportunities for improvement in practical appliances. In the old make of cars the seats were too narrow and too high, and the space between the lower and the upper berths (when the latter were let down) was such that the

occupant of the former had to fold himself like a pocket-rule in order to move about without imperiling head or limb. These very undesirable features were abolished by the lowering and widening of the seats and the addition of considerable space between berths. Another innovation was an increase in the width of the berths, the B. and O. sleepers being not only higher and wider than the old-style car, but more roomy in every respect. But of all the new departures none have given more genuine satisfaction than the provisions made for a comfortable night's rest. There are cars and cars—some of them gorgeous in filigree, resplendent in contrasts and altogether dazzling. All that the most ardent æsthete could sigh for, to look at, is there; but when night dims the glamour and the body yearns for rest, then may come something quite discordant with previous feelings; mattresses that do not reach within ten or twelve inches of the side of the car, and so abbreviated that the feet of the luckless passenger hang like Haman between heaven and earth; sheets and blankets of such curtailment as to necessitate cold feet or bare shoulders, and pillows meager enough to suggest the advisability of stringing them together that they may not disappear in one's ears. Old and experienced travelers know full well that if exaggerations have been indulged in, they are, in the light of facts, justifiable. Many among them have used wraps and overcoats to remedy the shortening in sheets and blankets, while the stuffing in of blankets to fill the chilling void between mattress and car-side has not been an infrequent experience. If there is one advantage over another that is possessed by the B. and O. sleepers, it is that of ample accommodation for a perfect night's rest. This has been looked after with the most careful eye, and it is hazarding nothing to state that no sleeping cars ever built more richly merit the name. The mattresses are of

the finest hair, thick, and of such dimensions as to entirely fill the spaces between the side of the car and the arm of the seat ; the linen is of the best ; the sheets, together with the blankets, are of such unrestricted length that the tallest person can have no fears of catching cold or suffering from rheumatism between the shoulders from a lack of sufficient covering. While more or less attention has been paid in other cars to the comfort and convenience of gentlemen who desire to smoke en route, it has been, as a rule, less rather than more. In most instances this mindfulness has resulted in a little box of an apartment, in which but two gentlemen could sit with any degree of comfort, and after smoking for half an hour the air would become such as to advise a hasty retreat. In many sleepers there are no accommodations for lovers of the weed, and they are forced into a second-class car, where the fragrance of their havanas renders the atmosphere barely endurable. Recognizing that fully two-thirds of the gentlemen who travel in palace cars are fond of smoking, and that they find in its indulgence a pleasant pastime, the Company in the constructing of its sleepers made ample provision for this class of passengers. All the smoking rooms are of such unusual dimensions that as many as eight gentlemen can sit in comfort and enjoy the influence of the weed. It would be idle for any one to argue that the B. and O. lacks that experience which the old company possesses in the handling and care of sleeping cars, and that consequently the new system cannot be perfect in all its details. The superintendent, from his long service in a like capacity with the older corporation, is no inexperienced official ; and as very many of the conductors and porters served under him there, they are none the less experienced now. It is quite natural that the defeat of the combination seeking to control the entire sleeping-car system of the country

should be followed by resentful feelings, which are by no means decreased as the new system so unmistakably proves its power as a competitor. The questions at issue were determined in the highest courts of the land. Injunctions would not hold water, and predictions of failure have been demonstrated as futile. The Company's sleeping cars are run without change between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington to Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago, and will continue long after other great railway lines have established their independence of the would-be monopoly and proven to the public their ability to manage their own business without the assistance of outsiders.

As the train pulled into the depot in Philadelphia the quartet passed out into the magnificent new edifice which is the admiration of the Quaker City. The millions expended in perfecting the entrance of a railway to the very heart of this populous center have demonstrated once again the force of man's will. That which was said could not be accomplished has become a fixed fact, and the lesson thus told in one city cannot be lost on others where the obstacles to be overcome are almost as nothing in comparison. The cry "All aboard!" came from the lusty lungs of the conductor, and the quartet, back in the private car once more, vanished, not to become visible again until within the hospitable gates of the Monumental City.

BALTIMORE.





IT would be a difficult matter to narrate in detail the part the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has played in the building up of Baltimore. So closely interwoven are the histories of the municipality and the corporation, that to attempt to point out that undertaking wherein the one had an important share and the other not would be a task that few would willingly undertake.

In the President's office at Camden Station is probably the most complete library in existence, devoted to railway matters; and no sooner had the Fairy run his eye along the shelves than he became impressed with the conviction that nothing could be more interesting to the general reader than a sketch of the past as told in the reports of the Baltimore and Ohio—the first passenger railroad in the world.

The origin of the Company dates back to 1826. At that time Baltimore was much exercised over the fact that

the public works of Pennsylvania and the Erie Canal of New York had diverted a large portion of the trade which she had essayed to center upon herself. To Baltimore this trade was an important element of prosperity and wealth, and when the Alleghanies were turned by the long circuit of the lake shore, the greater portion of her commerce at that time bid fair to be absorbed by Philadelphia and New York. The proposed Chesapeake and Ohio Canal had been generally looked to by the citizens of Baltimore as the most speedy way to recover the receding vantage-ground. But upon the publication of the estimate of its cost, and the difficulties which lay in its way by reason of the scarcity of water and the high elevations over which it must be carried, the conviction became general that the project would never reach other construction than upon paper. Then it was that several leading citizens, with a determination to seek other means than the impracticable canal, began the canvassing of a proposition to build a railroad. The daring enterprise thus manifested may be best appreciated when it is remembered that up to this time no railroad had been constructed either in Europe or America for the conveyance of passengers, produce or merchandise between distant points. It is true that experiments had been carried on for a year or two in England, but they had been employed only for local purposes, such as the transportation of coal, iron, and other heavy articles from mines or factories, to navigable waters. For general purposes of travel and trade there were many theories as to how roads might be constructed; and so crude was public opinion upon the subject that the question had not been settled as to whether stationary steam engines or horsepower would be preferable as a motor. Baltimore at this time was a city with scarcely more than fifty thousand inhabitants. While it was then the nearest point, as now, to the

seaboard from the West, it had many grave difficulties to overcome. Its site, while picturesque, was for commercial purposes anything but advantageous. Rugged and unpropitious in the contour of the land, it presented every obstacle of hill and marsh, requiring wharves for the convenience of commerce and necessitating the filling up of estuaries to insure health. Water facilities were primitive, and the only certainty of a lasting future lay in the indomitable will and the unflinching purpose of a comparatively small number of citizens. The prospects of a canal being cut off beyond further question, and Philadelphia and New York exhibiting great vigor in reaching out for business, it was do or die with Baltimore right there. No one knew anything about railroad construction; but in this respect Baltimore was as well off as her rivals, as they were all in the same caboose. The principles upon which railroads should be built and the cost and effect of motive power became subjects of earnest and diligent investigation; and notwithstanding the character of the country between Baltimore and the West was such as would have appalled any but Americans, yet it appeared that the greater the barriers to be overcome, the more determined were the Baltimoreans to surmount them. Early in 1827 (on the twelfth day of February, to be exact), a party of the leading merchants of the city, in number not exceeding twenty-five, met at the residence of one of them, and after quite an extended talk, and the advancing of any number of theories, adjourned to meet that day week. At the second meeting a series of resolutions was drawn up and a committee appointed to apply to the Maryland legislature for incorporation. As the legislators of fifty or sixty years ago had no appreciation of the individual benefits accruing from the ceding of such privileges it was granted without delay, being the first railroad charter obtained in the

United States. An anecdote is related in connection with the drafting of the document, which in the light of present progress, is at least a curious and an interesting one. The paper having been prepared in the text it was read to the committee with a view to its adoption. As provision after provision was gone over, and its varied and comprehensive powers were enumerated, one of the most distinguished of the gentlemen present arose and in a blunt, off-hand manner exclaimed, "Stop, man! you are asking more than the Lord's Prayer asks!" The reply was that it was all necessary, and the more that was asked for the more would be secured. The response to this was, "Right, man; go on." And it is needless to remark that he did go on, and perfected the charter that for more than half a century has stood the model instrument of its kind. That a great deal was asked for and secured was not only a good thing for the Company, but it was the best investment of chartered rights ever made by the legislature of the State of Maryland.

The first annual report bore the date October 1, 1827: and as the road at that period had reached no other form than that expressed upon paper, and the promises of the gentlemen constituting the Company, there was not much for the President to say. It was simply a general summary of the situation at the outset of the undertaking. The directors were on the lookout for an engineer upon whose knowledge and skill they might safely rely; but, as there were no engineers of any experience in railroad construction, the right man was well enough to talk about but exceedingly troublesome to obtain.

Immediately following the annual meeting preparations were inaugurated on a practicable basis to insure the early commencement of the work. Several engineers were sent out to run lines in different directions, with instructions

to report, as far as lay in their power, the feasibility of construction; and through the winter and spring the work was carried on; and early in the summer of 1828 the formal announcement was made that the corner-stone of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad would be laid on the Fourth of July. By this time the city had become quite excited over the prospect of having a railroad, and hence it was determined to signalize the grand event by a celebration which would be in keeping with its importance. There was at that time but one surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence—Charles Carroll, of Carrollton—and he was fittingly selected as the man by whose hand the work was to be begun. The population of the city in 1828 was about seventy thousand, and judging from the reports of the celebration, the entire town for the time put aside everything else and paid homage to the birth of railroads in the United States.

It was doubtless an immense thing to have a horse-railroad promised from the Atlantic to the "River Ohio"; and although the majority of people did not anticipate its completion beyond the distance of thirteen miles (to Ellicott's City), still it was something that Baltimore had never possessed before, and which no other city in the United States had fairly contemplated.

The next annual report was dated October 1, 1828, and told of the preliminary examination which had resulted in the conviction of the practicability of the railroad from Baltimore to the Ohio River, and announced the appointment of a corps of civil engineers and a Superintendent of Construction; and the further statement was made that contracts had been given for the grading and masonry for a distance not exceeding twelve miles. As an instance of the honesty of the contractors of those days, mention was made that no personal security had been considered

necessary to insure compliance with contracts. While things were apparently moving satisfactorily it was yet a fact that there were many hitches, and that almost every stockholder had a pet notion for building railroads. This was not strange, taking into consideration that there was not one among them who had had any experience in railway construction, and quite probably not one of them had ever seen a railroad. The engineers who had from time to time been employed were theorists, and could not agree as to what was best to do or not to do. The engineers had their friends among the stockholders and among citizens, and cliques arose in different sections, who proposed the adoption of measures calculated to promote the interests of certain districts and persons. The fact that such a thing as a railroad was to be built led everybody to want it, and then, as now, there were doubtless lobbying and wire-pulling to bring about the fulfillment of individual preferences. The stockholders grew discontented and divided up, some recommending one course and others arguing another. Outside persons, for their own aggrandizement, endeavored to oust certain directors to put their own friends in ; and not a few of the citizens, who in the enthusiasm of the moment had subscribed for stock and afterward became alarmed (fearing they had embarked in a bad speculation), began to put their shares upon the market. It certainly was enough of a task to undertake to build a railroad without any experience, and to add to this the irksome task of attempting to settle quarrels was enough to have effectually exploded the enterprise ; but the men engaged in it were not of that stuff, and despite all obstacles held to their original plans like heroes. On the first of the following March proposals were opened for the laying of rails from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills, a distance of thirteen miles. Two plans

for laying rails had been in contemplation, the one with wooden sleepers and string-pieces parallel with the iron rails, the other a stone sill or string-piece on which the rail should be laid. The wooden sleepers were adopted, but subsequently a large portion of the line was built with stone sills.

The third annual report, dated October 1829, stated that the first division of the road was in course of construction, and nearly all of the second division, extending to the forks of the Patapsco, was under contract. Further than this no move could be made, owing to the questions at issue in a lawsuit pending between the railroad and the canal company. Meanwhile the work on the first division was pushed forward as rapidly as the facilities of the times would permit, and on the 13th of the following May a car was passed over the entire line from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills. On the 22d of that month the road was opened for travel. The first improved passenger car adopted by the Company, and the first known in the United States, was of a decidedly primitive character, being but little more than a clapboard shanty on wheels. Its length was about twelve feet, and in addition to the boards for seats there was a deal table in the center, upon which passengers deposited their packages, and at meal-time discussed their edibles. There were three windows on either side, the driver sitting on an elevated seat in front and the conductor standing on the steps in the rear. Only one horse was attached, and he could be counted upon to make seven or eight miles an hour. The advantage of the railroad over the ordinary stage-coach was the comparatively smooth riding upon the rails, and, besides that, the car gave one a chance to stretch his legs and stand up if he desired. The speed was somewhat in excess of that upon the stage-lines, and all in all it was considered such a grand

success that the Company had more business than it could take care of, the curious people flocking to the road to test its practical features by personal experience. And to think that this was barely more than fifty years ago, and this little one-horse road the only railway in all this great country! It appears almost impossible to comprehend the advances made in the past half century; and it is only in stopping a moment, as it were, these busy times, and glancing back, that one can realize what it is to live now compared with what it must have been in those days.

The fourth annual report, October 1830, conveyed the gratifying information that all difficulties had been subdued, and that the Company as well as the community was in enjoyment of the useful results which had followed the completion of the first division of the road. Mark here the ruling spirit of the management of the B. and O., which has manifested itself year after year through all the varied periods of its existence. Notwithstanding that it was not only a brand-new road and a brand-new Company, but the only road of its kind in the country, in the very first year of its operation it commenced paying dividends, the President announcing a semi-annual payment on the first day of January. Accompanying the report of the President were the reports of the various officers. The Superintendent of the road was evidently a strong temperance man. It is further manifest that the evils growing out of the use of ardent spirits commenced with the construction of the first railroad. Injected into his report is this little homily: The destructive and demoralizing effects of the use of alcohol became so manifest in producing riot and like flagrant disorders, that it was determined, with the sanction of the President of the Company, to prohibit the use of it in all future contracts, and accordingly all agreements entered into had a clause to that effect. As the Superin-

tendent remembers more vividly the disadvantages he had labored under, he continues: It is believed that the work may be executed without the use of this dreadful poison more advantageously to the interest of the Company, and certainly much more agreeably to its officers and contractors, as well as more beneficially to the laborers themselves. It would indeed be a melancholy reflection that a public work could not be carried on in a Christian country without the aid of that maddening drink so destructive to human life and morals as to have been utterly proscribed in Mohammedan lands. In another part of the report the Superintendent mentions the fact of his being compelled to visit Ohio in January 1829, and that the journey occupied three weeks' time!

The inexperience of the contractors and the want of a correct knowledge had the effect of placing them in a position threatening bankruptcy, all of them having underestimated the cost of the work. The Superintendent quite sensibly advocated an allowance which would enable the contractors to continue their work, stating that if this was not done it would give railroad construction a shock from which it would not recover for a long time. His recommendations in this respect were adopted and the good work went merrily on.

At this stage of progress the Company decided that three-foot wheels were not as desirable as those of four-foot diameter, the former being harder on the animals than the larger wheels. It would appear that the horses in use upon the road were all fine stock, otherwise the gratifying announcement could not have been made that a speed of ten miles per hour had been reached. With this time and with proper relays the engineer remarked that this rate of travel might be continued over any length of railroad, the ascents and descents of which did not exceed thirty feet to

the mile. The load for a horse on the railway was given as one car carrying twenty-five passengers. With a relay every six or seven miles this would reduce the space between the tide of the Chesapeake and the steamboat navigation of the Ohio to forty-five hours' travel. All this time no one had dreamed of the use of steam—animals were to do the work; and even after the line was completed to Frederick, relays of horses brought the cars from Frederick to Baltimore. At different points along the line relays were provided, and the station now known as the Relay House, at the junction of the Main Stem and Washington Branch, received its name from the fact that it was formerly a point for the changing of horses.

About this period steam made its appearance on the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, and attracted attention in this country; but there was a difficulty in running an engine on an American road. The English road was laid nearly straight, while the American road was exceedingly crooked. For a season it was believed that this feature of the first American railroad would prevent the use of locomotive engines, but their practicability was soon demonstrated by a New Yorker, who was none other than the distinguished Peter Cooper. He was firm in the opinion that steam-engines, if they could be used at all, could be applied to curved roads, and he visited Baltimore to demonstrate the idea. He came with an odd-looking contrivance which he called a steam-engine, but which a boy of the present generation would consider unworthy of the name of a mechanical toy. The boiler was not as large as that of a modern kitchen range. It was about the same diameter, but not more than half the height, and had a smoke-stack that looked like an aggravated putty-blower. This was the first locomotive for railroad purposes built in America, and drew the first passenger car propelled by steam upon

any railroad in the world. Again the thought comes over one that this is a romance—a sort of James' introduction, with a solitary locomotive instead of the solitary horseman that "might have been seen coming over a hill."

The car to which this nondescript steam locomotive was attached resembled an ordinary row-boat, the four wheels so placed under the center that a little too much weight at either end would transform it into a teeter. This vehicle was filled with the directors and officers of the road and their friends. With palpitating hearts they looked over to where Peter Cooper stood, and, no doubt, as he pulled the throttle-lever, they wished themselves anywhere but just there. The trip was a memorable one, and sufficiently exciting to carry out the anticipations of the most venturesome in the party. When the speed of fifteen miles per hour had been reached it was deemed the very acme of lightning time; but when it was increased to eighteen miles per hour, then the millennium had come, sure enough. The ride was not without its incidents, one of which was a race with a horse which happened to appear near the track. Just as it was nip and tuck between steam and animal power the band slipped off the fly-wheel: the horse took the lead and distanced the embryo "Daisy." Mr. Cooper, who was acting as engineer, in attempting to right matters severely lacerated one of his hands; and this is probably the first railroad casualty on record. The return trip of thirteen miles was made in fifty-seven minutes, and the date (August 28 of the year 1830) was never afterward forgotten by the participants in the excursion. While this successful experiment with steam did not immediately lead to the introduction of locomotives on the road, it started the best minds in the country to studying the question, and the result need no more be told than that it is light when the sun shines.

The fifth annual report, October 1831, opened with congratulations to the stockholders upon the increased success that had attended the operations of the Company, and promised that the road from Baltimore to the Potomac River, a distance of sixty-seven and a half miles, as well as the road to Frederick, would be open for travel that year. The President referred to the construction of a railway between New York and Philadelphia, which should connect with steamboat travel between Baltimore and Philadelphia, and found much gratification in predicting that when this combination of rail and river travel had been perfected an easy and rapid communication would be established between the three commercial emporiums. This led him to propose a line of railway between Baltimore and Washington, and he informed the stockholders of the issue of an order for the survey. So far had the introduction of steam power upon the road progressed, that premiums had been offered for the best-constructed engine; and the President stated that one had been submitted which upon trial appeared to be adapted for use upon the road. He was satisfied steam power could be employed at a rate of speed and economy of cost which would fully satisfy the most sanguine. The Chief Engineer of the Company stated that the use of springs (as he put it) interposed between the load and the running-gear had been found to be very advantageous, and he would recommend their use henceforth. He added that their cost was considerable, but passengers much approved of them. Following this, his next recommendation was that experiments should be made to prove whether both ends of the axle on the car should be allowed to vibrate, or only one of them. The engine spoken of by the President was built in York, Pa., and after undergoing certain modifications was found to be capable of a speed of fifteen miles per hour on a level. It

was mounted on wheels made for ordinary cars, thirty inches in diameter, and velocity was attained by means of gearing with a spur-wheel and pinion upon one of the axles. It weighed only three and a half tons, and was found too light for practical use.

At this period the entire length of stone track laid upon the road was thirty-one miles, and of wood eighteen and a half miles, making a total of forty-nine and a half miles, embracing, it was stated, an extent of railway greater than had been constructed on any one continuous line, either in this country or in Europe. It was during 1831 that the first railroad strike occurred, and, like all initial events, has a certain interest. It grew out of the failure of a contractor to pay his men. They struck, and the work upon the road was delayed for a few weeks. During the pendency of the trouble, the men, armed with their tools, destroyed sills and culverts. The sheriff and his posse proving unavailing, the militia were ordered out, and captured fifty or more of the rioters, putting a quick end to the strike. In the month of September steel springs were placed upon the locomotive York as an experiment, and were the first so introduced. Shortly afterward an experiment was made as to the average expense of operating locomotive power as compared with horse power. The first was found to be sixteen dollars, and the same work done by horse power was thirty-three dollars. On the 9th of March 1833, the final act of Assembly under which the road to Washington was constructed was passed, and on December 1, 1834, the road was opened to Harper's Ferry, eighty-one miles from Baltimore. Up to July 1, 1834, there were but three locomotives on the road. English capitalists had offered to furnish them, but the Board of Directors refused to adopt the English locomotive; and all of those used by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from

its inception to the present have been the work of American brain and industry. The Washington Branch from Baltimore to Bladensburg was opened on the 20th of July 1835, and on the 25th of the following August the locomotive whistle was heard for the first time in the Capital of the nation. On the 5th of November 1842, the road was completed to Cumberland. On the 1st of January 1853, the President of the road stood with his guests from the city of Baltimore and the States of Maryland and Virginia, on the banks of the Ohio River at Wheeling, having been carried thither on the first through train from the Atlantic to the Ohio. The construction of the road from Grafton to the Ohio River at Parkersburg was commenced late in December 1852, and was formally opened, as the Parkersburg Branch, on the first of May 1857.

The through line to Cincinnati and St. Louis was completed about the same time, and on the 3d and 4th of June 1857, the great railroad celebration was held in Cincinnati, the President of the United States, James Buchanan, being aboard the first train that ever ran through from Baltimore to Cincinnati. This excursion was followed the next month by a return excursion from St. Louis and Cincinnati to Baltimore, and the reception in the Monumental City was remarkable for its demonstrations.

In 1858, John W. Garrett was chosen President of the Baltimore and Ohio, and each year since has been unanimously reelected. Mr. Garrett's first annual report was dated October 1, 1859, and its direct and ringing declarations bespoke the character of the man. His opening paper was the enunciation of the fundamental principles of his life: the freedom from debt, the power to meet all obligations, and the determination to have well in hand a fund to be depended upon in an emergency. The closing paragraph marked an era in the Company's history which

through a quarter of a century has been the keynote of its management. Said he: "The incubus of floating debt removed, and abundant ability to meet conveniently all engagements, including large appropriations for the increase of the sinking fund, by which provision is made for payment at maturity, a most satisfactory state of finances is presented."

During the stormy and disastrous years of the war the management proved the master-hand at the helm. Running through the reports of that period of calamity and distraction the same indomitable tone is manifested — the unflinching purpose and the determined will to conquer difficulties. The road first, all else after. No man rendered greater service to his country in her darkest hours of peril, and no instrument could have been more powerful in rendering this assistance, than an unobstructed railway. Bridges were burned only to be replaced the following day. Miles of track were torn up and put down again almost before the destroying forces were gone from sight. Engines were stolen and new ones filled their places as rapidly as wheels could cover the distance. Entire trains were sacrificed to the flames, telegraph wires demolished and station-houses razed to the ground; disaster following upon disaster. The main stem of the road penetrated the heart of war operations, and increase as might the destruction following in their wake, the unshakable man in Baltimore devised counter movements, and was a very Napoleon in strategic force and quickness of action. The war ended, the work of pushing forward the lines of the Company was renewed with vigor.

Having established the route through to what is known as Chicago Junction, steps were taken to complete direct connection with Chicago. The Chicago Division, two hundred and seventy-one miles, was built without contract-

ing a dollar of debt or issuing a bond, all payments for material and labor being cash. Meanwhile the Connells-ville Branch of the Pittsburgh Division was completed, and subsequently the entire line to Pittsburgh perfected. The Valley Division from Harper's Ferry was carried through to Staunton, and construction put under contract to Lexington.

The primary impetus given the movement to organize the Baltimore and Ohio Company was the conviction that prompt measures were necessary to enable Baltimore to maintain the advantages she had enjoyed in competition with Pennsylvania and New York. The danger lay in the public works inaugurated by these two States, and against canals Baltimore determined to pit a railroad. Any one at all familiar with the reports of the Canal Commissioners of the States named need not be reminded of the space devoted year after year to statements of the advantages Baltimore had secured through her great line of railway. Even to this time the Canal Board of New York holds up the B. and O. and its influence upon the grain trade of the West as the great bar to New York's securing control of it. No stronger argument is deemed necessary before a legislative committee than the stereotyped reference to the Company and its unparalleled avenues to tide-water. In one way or another the Empire City manages to keep herself almost constantly in a state of fermentation on account of this road. When her railway kings do not make the advantages Baltimore possesses in being two hundred miles nearer the sea the excuse for speculation through depressed stocks, committees representing merchants who have nothing else to do are passing long-winded resolutions, in almost every paragraph of which the Baltimore and Ohio figures prominently. All this, and much more of like character which could be

employed in argument, if one were requisite, tells most effectually of the realization of the fondest hopes of the courageous men who in giving the railroad to Baltimore made her a metropolis. The names of Phillip E. Thomas, George Brown, Charles Carroll, William Patterson, Robert Oliver, Alexander Brown, Isaac McKibbin, William Lorman, George Hoffman, Thomas Ellicott, John B. Morris, Talbot Jones, William Stewart and J. V. L. McMahon should be engraved deep in stone of statelier monument than Baltimore ever erected for the perpetuation of the memory of great deeds. No imposing mass of granite in all the Monumental City stands indicative of a progression to be compared with what these men accomplished for Baltimore. The first two named were the first President and first Treasurer of the Company, the others the Directors, the last on the list being the author of the first railway charter ever drawn in America. Louis McLane succeeded Mr. Thomas as President, the latter having served ten years. After eleven years of service Mr. McLane was succeeded by Thomas Swann, who remained at the head of the Company five years. The next was William G. Harrison, his incumbency terminating in three years, when Chauncey Brooks was chosen. He resigned at the end of five years, and John W. Garrett was elected his successor. For twenty-four years Mr. Garrett has been unanimously reelected. During the fifty-five years of the Company's existence it has had but six Presidents, and for nearly a quarter of a century but one. Throughout the half century the principles of the management have been the same; and no man can place finger upon any line in its remarkable record and say that it tells of that which is not solely and absolutely for the welfare of the Company. No President has made the road the vehicle of his own profit, and never has the good name

of the Company, as represented in its obligations, been hawked about in stock exchanges to tarnish its honor and lessen public confidence. Through so long a period it would have been strange had not the value of its bonds and stocks fluctuated. Years of panic naturally left their impress, and the vicissitudes of war could not do otherwise than shake faith; but so far as lay within the power of man to avert these shocks the credit of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has been sustained: the pride of the management ever being to uphold the value of its securities. The stock has never been speculative, never been forced up or down to enable one man to use the Company for his own selfish ends. The result stands out in striking contrast to that of other railway companies in competition. The financial exhibit of the Railroad is an extraordinary one: a surplus of upward of forty-three millions of dollars, and nearly fifteen millions of dollars of outstanding obligations in the shape of capital stock, representing a value of fully one hundred millions of dollars, as it includes the entire main line, equipment and possessions. Of the surplus fund upward of two-thirds is interest-paying, and the balance rapidly becoming so. Such a showing is almost beyond comprehension, and, compared with that made by rivals with outstanding stock aggregating from fifty to ninety millions of dollars, is gravely significant. The stock of the Company has never been watered to the extent of a dollar; and the dullest can understand its strength in maintaining the positions taken, when it is known that it has but to earn dividends upon less than fifteen millions of dollars, while its rivals are forced to earn dividends upon from fifty to one hundred millions of dollars. The stock of the road has for years paid a dividend of ten per cent., and as long ago as 1876 two hundred and twenty-five dollars per share was offered for

the Garrett holdings, the par value being one hundred dollars. Recently one of the noted railway speculators of the age offered two hundred and fifty dollars per share for the Garrett interest. Practically there is no stock upon the market, as it is held so largely as an investment that there is no desire to part with it.

The Fairy, concluding his delving into the past and his portrayal of the present, looked as if the time to come was entirely too much for him, and he wisely refrained from venturing predictions. With possessions already secured in such vast proportions that its trains run from the three leading ports of the Atlantic coast to the great rivers and lakes of the West, traversing a thousand miles or more without break, and with a steady revenue of a million and a half per month and a reserve fund almost unlimited, there can be no circumscribing its enterprise.

In respect to the management of its own business in all its multitudinous details, the Company is the model corporation of the country. Other great lines are content to delegate the control of different branches of service to outside companies, thus practically confessing their own inability to serve the public to its fullest demands. As a house divided, so is a railroad company with too many masters. The B. and O. is under one management throughout, owning and operating its own Sleeping, Parlor and Dining cars, its own Express, its own Elevators and Warehouses, its own Dining Halls, and its own Telegraph lines. The one company is responsible to the public for every department of business transacted on the road, and the one executive head controls all. There are no foreign corporations of capital and power to cater to or to consult prior to the carrying out of any proposed improvement or innovation upon old methods. It is of itself and in itself the perfect embodiment of unrestrained authority over all

things appertaining to the road. It has thwarted every attempt made by powerful combinations to establish absolute monopolies of the sleeping-car, telegraph and express companies of the United States. But for the B. and O. there would to-day be only a single combination controlling the sleeping-car system of the country. The recent absorption of the one company which has so long been operated independently, by the would-be monopoly that controls almost all railway lines, points significantly to what the actual situation would be were it not for this corporation. Equally strong might be the statements relative to the Express business, the division of territory made by the old companies having an eye solely to a practical monopoly. In respect to the Telegraph business of the United States, the efforts to concentrate it in the monarchical power of one man are so familiar as to require no extended comment. The B. and O. system has been operated successfully for many years, and always under the immediate direction of the Company. At the time it was made the nucleus of new companies formed to compete against the existing organization, the agreement fully specified that in case of absorption by the old company no part or parcel of the B. and O. system was to be included in the bargain. Hence it resulted that the moment the company instituted to afford competition to the one combination yielded to the seductive influences of the grasping monopoly, the B. and O. became an independent system. At no time since its conception has it been under the control of other companies; provision being made in its contract with them simply for the use of the wires, but always through operators in the service of the Company. This enabled the system to be detached at an hour's notice from connection with allies, and, with officials and operators experienced in the trans-

action of commercial business, to at once enter the field for the favor of the public. The recent big deal whereby all the commercial telegraph systems of the Union passed to the control of a single individual, with the manifest destiny of a similar fate for every system established upon a speculative basis, determined the management in refusing to enter into any more alliances, but instead to greatly increase its own facilities and itself become a direct competitor. This has been accomplished in the face of great impediments, and now, with offices in all commercial centers of the United States, the B. and O. Telegraph is a rival of no ordinary power. Within a year it will have reached an importance never attained by the company last absorbed by the attempted aggregation, thus making it difficult for the combination to maintain oppressively high rates on such an exorbitant basis as to enable it to pay dividends upon eighty odd millions of dollars.

Yellowstone, who certainly combines much of the practical with the artistic, expressed a desire to visit Locust Point, and the balance of the quartet being of similar minds, the management kindly placed a tug-boat at the disposal of the party; and there was a trip down the harbor, which proved instructive as well as entertaining. Baltimore is peculiarly accessible to navigation, the harbor reaching into the busiest centers of the city's commerce, and the water of such depth as to permit ocean steamers to almost run their bows into town. The famous "Bay Line" steamers land within a few moments' walk of the leading hotels, as also do those of the York River line, and it is only a trifle farther to the piers of the Boston and New York steamships. Locust Point, which is the marine terminus of the Baltimore and Ohio, is directly within the main harbor, and is readily reached by street-car lines. The quartet went by the tug because the distance is somewhat shorter by water,

and a capital opportunity would thus be afforded to note Baltimore's importance as a seaport. The sail was like a walk down Broadway: to keep with the crowd moving one way was all right, but any attempt to skip about meant slow progress and possible collision. No more busy place could be imagined; and to tell of all the craft plying the water, of the large steamships lying at wharves, and of incoming and outgoing steamers, would require many pages. Ben, whose early life Baltimore was quite familiar with, knew every feature of the harbor. He pointed out Federal Hill, and at once found himself in a lively dispute with Apple Jack as to whether Ben Butler marched his men up or down the hill, or in fact whether Ben had ever seen the place or not. Farther on Fort McHenry came in sight, and involuntarily thoughts of Key and the inspiration which prompted him to write the "Star-Spangled Banner" came crowding in and the present was momentarily forgotten. Yellowstone, dreamy and poetic under the influences of memory, expressed in his face the soul given over to the consecrated past. Ben, practical and gossipy, rattled on with his historic reminiscences, paying little attention to Apple Jack's repeated corrections, and every now and then growing earnest in impressing upon the Fairy the importance of getting everything down in his notes.

The water view of Locust Point is an imposing one, the frontage of the Company's property extending fully a thousand feet, and covered with structures of vast dimensions. To the right are the piers adapted to emigrant traffic, which are fitted up with all the requisite facilities for receiving, accommodating and transferring from steamship to train. These piers belong to the Company, are under its actual control, and are preserved entirely free from outside intrusion. No boarding-house runners, money-exchanging sharpers, or any of like ilk, are permitted within the inclosures;



LOCUST POINT—MARINE TERMINUS.

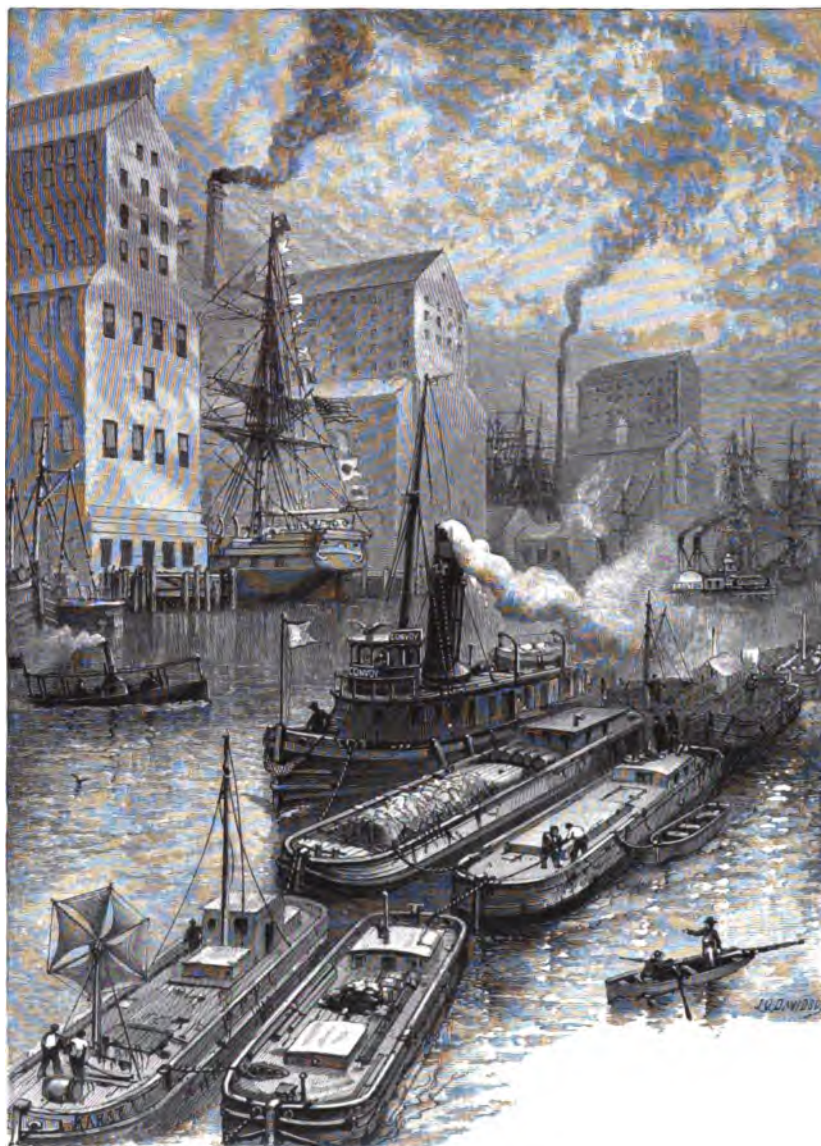
and the emigrants when landed have an abundance of room, and there is nothing to interfere with their disposition of women and children, or claiming of baggage as it is brought ashore. Differing from the manner of landing elsewhere on the coast, the steamers sail directly to the wharf; and as the trains to carry the emigrants west are backed in upon the pier, they almost literally step from the vessel on the cars. At other ports transfers are necessitated from the steamers to lighters; and it not infrequently happens that members of families are thus separated; and as the baggage is placed upon other lighters (reaching the receiving point in great bulk), endless worry and apprehension are thereby entailed. The foreigner, in a strange land, where his language is spoken by only a few, and where everything is so unfamiliar, if not indeed startling, is, at the best, to be commiserated. He feels an indescribable loneliness: memories of his native land stretch his heart-strings, and he is in constant fear of losing wife, children or baggage. At ports where several ships are discharging at once, and where it is impossible to prevent these strangers from becoming almost helplessly confused, the strain upon them in hunting for their relatives and friends among thousands of others in the same condition must be exceedingly severe. Then again, the transfer from the receiving station to railroad depots across cities, or by open lighters up a crowded river, is another source of great anxiety; and by the time the emigrant is fairly aboard the cars bound for the West his mental faculties can hardly be of the clearest. In this half-dazed condition he becomes a ready victim to sharpers and swindlers, and is indeed fortunate if he arrives at his destination with sufficient money to purchase a meal. At Baltimore there can be no such deplorable results, for not only are the emigrants, as hitherto stated, landed directly from the ship upon the wharf, but they are ticketed on the

spot, and placed on board the trains, and the Company's interpreters are sent with them to the terminus of the road. All baggage is claimed and re-checked as it is unloaded from the ship, foreign money is exchanged by an official, without charge, and everything in the eating line is furnished at a moderate price. Matters are under the personal supervision of the General Foreign Agent of the Company, who delivers all moneys and letters sent under his care to expectant arrivals, cashes orders presented, and furnishes any information desired. Speaking foreign languages fluently, and having at his command the services of an experienced corps of interpreters, the emigrant, upon landing at Locust Point, is among those with whom he can converse and feel at home. More than this, he reaches this country at a point two hundred miles nearer his destination in the West, and consequently at a lower railroad fare. He not only enjoys the opportunity of crossing the sea with his immediate friends, but accompanies them, together with his friends newly made on shipboard, on the same train to his destination. But one ship at a time is allowed to anchor at the receiving piers, and, as a rule, the emigrants leave for the West within six hours after their arrival—matters being so systematized that clock-work regularity is assured. The number landing at Locust Point has become very large, a week's arrivals frequently running up to three, four and five thousand. They are, for a large part, Germans, Swedes and Scandinavians, and there are very few among them who have not sufficient funds to meet all present emergencies. There are two lines of steamships running regularly between foreign ports and Baltimore—the North German Lloyd and the Allan lines. The first-named company is a weekly line, but often during the busy season has two, three, and sometimes four ships a week coming in. The entire line is

composed of large and remarkably well constructed iron steamers; and no more convincing testimony to their seaworthiness can be adduced than the fact that never since the line was opened has there been the loss of a vessel, or in fact any accident at all to speak of. It is a very popular line for Germans, the ships, as hitherto stated, being very commodious, and the character of the management such as to insure the kindest and best treatment, and the cleanest and most satisfactory accommodations. The Allan is a semi-monthly line, but it too has ships arriving more frequently in the busier seasons.

To the left of the emigrant piers is the spacious slip in which the transfer steamer "Canton" makes her landing. This is the largest vessel of the kind ever built, and transfers the heaviest trains without crowding, having three tracks her entire length. Old patrons of the Baltimore and Ohio and of the New York and Washington Through Line will remember the transfer through the streets of Baltimore — the cars drawn by horses and the pace necessarily slow. All this sort of thing was done away with some time ago, as the Baltimore and Ohio trains between New York and Washington and the West are now transferred entire by the "Canton." It is by odds the quickest and pleasantest transfer made through Baltimore. Ten minutes fully suffice for the run across the head of the bay, and it is not only a delightfully cool but a pleasant trip. A splendid view is afforded of the harbor and of the historic Fort McHenry, and the passenger is prone to wish that the time consumed were twice as long.

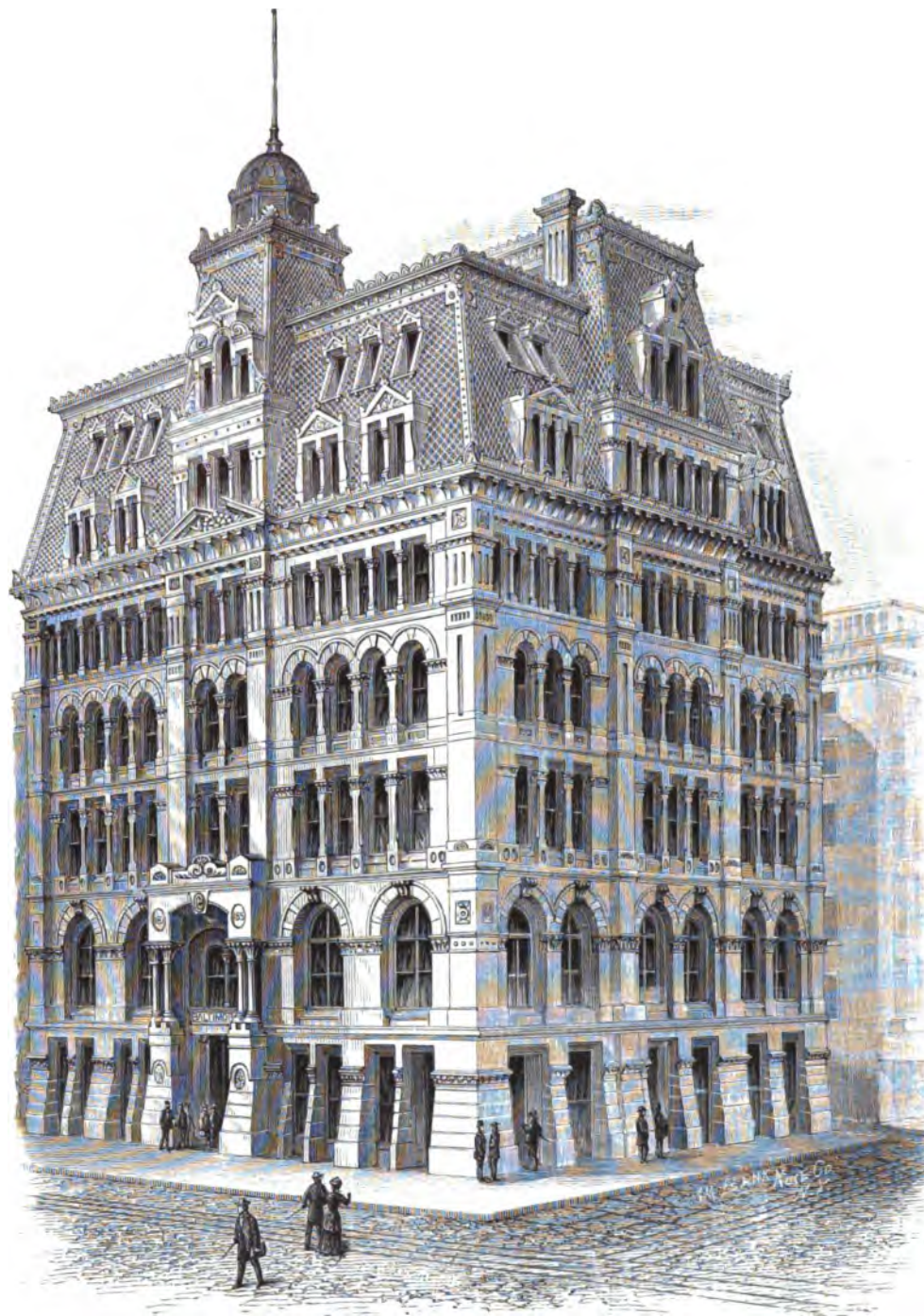
Flanking the slip on either side are the enormous grain elevators of the Company, and to the left is the third, just constructed, and which is the largest and most complete in the world. It has a capacity for the storage of one million eight hundred thousand bushels of grain, with a working



LOCUST POINT — ELEVATORS.

capacity of fourteen hundred thousand bushels. It has twelve receiving elevators for unloading cars and twenty shipping elevators with power to unload five hundred cars in ten hours, and deliver one hundred thousand bushels per hour to vessels. Double these figures and one has a fair statement of the facilities possessed by the Company in these three elevators, showing its success in making Baltimore the great grain-receiving depot of the country.

Back of the elevators are the tobacco warehouses — massive structures of stone and brick. By means of these the Company has enabled Baltimore to retain her supremacy as a tobacco mart, the loss of which for a time was seriously threatened. East of the elevators is the Baltimore Dry Dock, one of the most extensive and complete to be found in any land. When individual capitalists hesitated in placing this grand enterprise upon a footing to insure its completion, the Baltimore and Ohio promptly came to the front and furnished the requisite money, and it stands another enduring monument to the Company's fidelity to Baltimore. Almost numberless tracks reach from Locust Point to the main line, from which radiate other tracks leading all over the city. The Fell Street Station is largely devoted to the oyster traffic, which yields an immense revenue to the Company, and trains are run daily through to the West, on express time, loaded solidly with these bivalves. A person not acquainted with the extent of this business would not believe the statistics if given. The Central Station is for heavy freight, and is of inestimable convenience to the manufacturing interests, to which it is the most favorable point for shipment. The new and extensive stock-yards located at Claremont (adjacent to the line) is another institution conceived and put into execution by the Company; indeed it would be a hard task to say just where the Baltimore and Ohio Rail-



HOME OF THE B. & O.

road Company ceased and Baltimore began. The growth of the city and the prosperity of the road have been so closely interwoven that the liberal and far-seeing policy of the latter in aiding every effort looking toward advancement is visible in all directions. There is hardly a square where the Company has not some interest. On one of the finest corners, at the intersection of two leading streets, the Company has recently erected the finest structure in the city, which is the model "general office" building on the continent. The ground upon which it stands cost three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, cash. The building necessitated the expenditure of half a million more, and when furnished complete, there will not be much left of a round million. Seven stories in height, with massive walls of brick laid in cement, and staircases and window-frames and joists of iron, it is fire-proof not merely in name but in fact. The wood-work throughout is of hard woods—mahogany, ash, maple, etc.; the different floors are without partition walls and fitted up in banking-house style. It is now ready for occupancy, and will be a fit home for a railroad with a history that every Baltimorean is proud of.

The Company's car and locomotive works are within the city, at what is called Mount Clare Station, and cover eight squares. At Mount Clare anything can be made, from a cast-iron stove to a palace car complete in every detail. The motive power of the B. and O. has for many years been noted the country over, the remarkable force and speed of the locomotives for both passenger and freight purposes having led to the name by which the road is best known, "The Model Fast Line." All the locomotives used upon the road are made in the Company's shops, as are also the passenger coaches, baggage, box and flat cars; in short, the entire equipment of the

line. The amount of capital invested in machinery, tools and the like, is something enormous, and the pay-roll is a fortune each week. The Mount Clare shops alone give employment to between three and four thousand men, and the roll of the Company at its shops and upon the line embraces upward of twenty-eight thousand names. At the time of the great sesqui-centennial celebration in Baltimore, in the fall of 1880, the first division of the memorable parade represented the interests of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. In addition to a large number of tableau cars portraying different events of the road's history, there were seven thousand employes in line in a special uniform. The Company engaged no less than thirteen bands to time the steps of this army.

A special feature of the management is the consideration shown employes, and as a consequence the very best men are secured. Thirty, thirty-five and forty years are no uncommon terms of continuous service, and in several instances it dates back even beyond this. Mr. Louis M. Cole, the General Ticket Agent, has been in the employ of the Company for nearly half a century, and his appointment antedates that of any similar official on any road in the country. Mr. J. R. Randolph, the present Chief Engineer, entered the service of the Company in 1836, and Mr. W. H. Ijams, the Treasurer, in 1842. There are still in the active employ of the Company three engineers who drove horses upon the line before steam was introduced. No course followed by the Company has created a better feeling among employes, or has been productive of more substantial benefit, than the organizing and perfecting of the Relief Association. It is practically a life and accident insurance company combined, with the additional feature of a provision to cover sickness. A comparatively small part of each month's wages

is donated to meet the premiums, and the benefits are paid as the beneficiary is entitled to them. In case of death from accident or natural cause, a certain sum is paid at once to the wife, children or lawful heirs. It is a most excellent association in all its details, and a lasting safeguard against destitution and want. At the time it was organized the Baltimore and Ohio Company set aside one hundred thousand dollars as the nucleus of the fund, a large portion of which is invested in B. and O. stock, which is quoted at about two hundred, and upon which a semi-annual dividend of five per cent. is regularly paid. The association is managed by the officers and employees of the road, and bears upon its records the names of nearly twenty-four thousand members. Mr. Robert Garrett, First Vice-President of the road, has, in addition to his other duties, given much time and attention to perfecting the relief system, and largely through his untiring efforts it has proved so successful that other large railway corporations are adopting its general plan of organization and management.

The quartet remained in Baltimore longer than had been originally intended; but there was so much of deep interest in connection with the Company that it appeared as if the inspection of one feature was hardly completed before another and even more interesting one claimed attention. Certainly there is no other railroad organization with a history so full of events of an all-absorbing character, or one that the young or old can study with greater advantage.

EN ROUTE.





CAR No. 217 was attached to a special engine, and stood in Camden Station awaiting the pleasure of the quartet. Camden Station means Camden Street Depot, Baltimore—the fashion in the Monumental City being to term passenger-depots “stations,” prefixing the name of the street they are located upon. Strangers quite naturally make the mistake of supposing that station means some point out of the city, and become more or less confused as to its exact whereabouts. Those who visit Baltimore need never go astray if they remember that Camden Station is upon Camden Street, which is not difficult to find, as it is one of the best-known thoroughfares in the city. The station is a large edifice fronting an entire square, and when built was considered one of the grand things of the city. For that matter, it is still, beyond all comparison, the largest and busiest railroad center in Baltimore, upward of sixty passenger trains arriving and departing daily. At

present the upper floors, and considerable space upon the ground floor, are occupied for general office use.

The quartet boarded the car, the signal was given, and Baltimore was quickly lost to sight. With the party anticipations ran high, the fame of the B. and O. as the picturesque line of America having produced an almost boyish eagerness to taste the promised pleasures. Once beyond the city's limit, the iron horse let out on his stride and the triple tracks upon the left appeared like endless streamers of silver ribbon. To Relay, the junction of the old line or main stem with the Washington Branch, there are four tracks, and certainly the rail upon which the special made the run was not allowed to grow rusty. The nine miles were covered in almost as many minutes, and so perfectly was the air-brake handled that the stop in front of the station was as easy as driving up in a buggy. Relay House is a charming spot, and well deserves the popularity it has attained among Baltimoreans as a place of resort during the summer. The main building, which is a passenger station and hotel in one, is of cut blue-stone, and its architectural effect is striking—the towers, porches and gables presenting the embodiment of proportion and grace in a manner rarely found in structures of the kind. The interior is in keeping, being of hardwood finish, with spacious dining-rooms, parlor and private apartments, all furnished in modern style. The larger portion of the hotel looks out upon one of the finest views imaginable, and one could sit for hours and feast upon its varied fascinations. Immediately in front (west) is a garden of no ordinary extent, and filled, in wondrously beautiful profusion, with the choicest flowers and foliage plants; the rich evergreen of the one and the exquisite contrast of colors in the other blending in a manner at once delightful and enamoring. Graveled walks wind gracefully hither and



VIADUCT AT RELAY.

thither, and fountains of playful waters tinkle a sweet lullaby to further captivate the senses; while among the evergreens arises the stately monument which bears upon its gleaming marble face the legend of the viaduct.

Beyond the garden wires is the massive viaduct itself, all of granite to the very keystones of the mighty arches which span the waters of the Patapsco. The eye, roaming on, falls upon a little leaf-embowered hamlet, Elk Ridge Landing, the whilom rival of Baltimore as a seaport. Farther on, the glistening-white cozy homes tell of the sweetness of the atmosphere that surrounds them, while clusters of habitations interspersed with tapering spires pointing heavenward bespeak a reliance in even a more beautiful land. Passing to another window, in order to obtain a view of the scene to the south, its alluring aspect is not changed, for directly in front lies a grove with broad drive-ways and enticing nooks, seductively suggestive of a ramble down to the river-side. In the rear of the hotel towers a high bluff, which forms a most picturesque background to a scene thus imperfectly sketched.

Old-time travelers will recall the Relay House as the point where change of cars had to be made for Washington, the line thence to the National Capital constituting a branch and extending no farther. In those days the through trains of the B. and O. followed the track as originally constructed away back in 1830, the primitive strap-iron having given way to the T rail. Then there was but one road to Washington, and during the war travel from the West came via the Relay House. Now the old line is used chiefly for freight purposes and local business, all the express trains passing directly through Washington. The scenic features up the valley of the Patapsco, which river the old line follows almost to its head, are of a high order, the track penetrating through mountain



RELAY HOUSE.

gorges which confine the width of the river to such narrow limits as to transform it into a series of sparkling cataracts. Ellicott's Mills, the point to which the road was first constructed, is a romantically situated place, and still retains great prominence in the production of flour.

Although loth to leave so picturesque a center as Relay, the quartet boarded the car again and started, to make no more stops until Washington was reached. Eighteen miles from Baltimore is Annapolis Junction, at which point trains destined for the capital of Maryland and the United States Naval Academy are switched off the main line and proceed to destination. Just across from the depot the Company owns an extensive tract of land known as Irving Park, on account of its presenting so many pleasing features in the way of woodland and lawn. This felicitous spot has become a favored resort for picnicing during the summer. A few miles farther and Laurel, a winning little village, is passed; and on a hill ten miles beyond is the State Agricultural College. Thirty-four miles from Baltimore is Bladensburg, rendered historic from the fact that just beyond the pretty hamlet is the ford across which the British charged in 1814, the railway passing directly over the ground where the fighting was most severe. Near by is the notorious dueling ground which those conversant with the early history of the country need not be told was the spot where many brave men bit the dust. But a little farther and the dome of the Capitol is seen rising far above its surroundings and at once calling to mind what has been and will be done beneath its statuesque apex.

WASHINGTON.





THE depot may be said to lie in the very shadow of the Capitol, as it is but a square distant. Street-car lines radiate from here to all the many places of interest in the National Capital, the passenger having but to state whither he would go to be directed to the proper car, and a nickel is all the outlay necessary to take him to his destination. The Capitol itself (to those who do not care to proceed direct to their hotel or, perchance, have no intention of making an extended stay) is within a moment or two's walk, and therefore no conveyance is needed. The Post Office and Interior Departments take but a short jaunt ; while the Government Printing Office, Treasury and War Departments, White House, Smithsonian Institute, and other noted places, require not more than twenty minutes' to half an hour's ride. There are, however, those who prefer to engage a carriage for trips of this kind, and as there is always an abundance of vehicles

of every description at the depot upon arrival of trains, no difficulty can be experienced in making a choice to suit one's self. Washington, situated somewhat remotely from the greater number of populous States, and being the seat of national government, the advantage of making the trip to the city so as to be able to spend more or less time is one to be well considered. There are many who appear to be at a loss to fully comprehend the exact line of the B. and O. In some respects this is due to the ingenious and persistent advertisements of rival routes, in the interests of which it is made to appear that the only way to reach the capital is by going east of the city and then journeying back to it. As previously stated, all express trains on the Baltimore and Ohio line, east-bound or west-bound, pass directly through Washington, and it is the only road in and out of the city to the West. As stop-over privileges are granted upon the road it would be almost superfluous to remark that passengers en route to Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, and New England points, so choosing, may leave the train at Washington, remain as it pleases them, and continue their journey by other trains. There are many who come from the West via the fast express, which is now known the country over as the Daisy train, who arrive at the National Capital at noon, lay over, and take the B. and O. night express for Philadelphia, New York or New England points. This train is indeed a lively one, for while it leaves St. Louis and Cincinnati at the same time as trains upon other lines, it reaches Washington half a day in advance of them. To parties desiring to stop over for a few hours no other train can approach it for convenience; in fact no other train will bring them to the capital before late supper-time. Almost equal advantages are enjoyed by those who come from Chicago via the Baltimore and Ohio road, as

its evening express arrives an entire night ahead of corresponding trains on rival railroads. The fact of the matter is that this line enjoys incomparable advantages so far as Washington travel is concerned, as it is the only one passing through the city and the only route by which passengers may experience the pleasure of a visit en route without additional expense in the matter of tickets and extra hours of travel upon the road. By all other lines the fare is greater to the East or to the West via Washington, and none except the B. and O. sell tickets of this description via the National Capital. Another pleasing opportunity is offered those who take this road, and that is a trip to Mount Vernon. This can readily be accomplished by arriving on the morning train and resuming travel by the evening train. The steamer, which, by the way, is one of the largest and most elegantly fitted up of any upon the Potomac, leaves every morning from Seventh Street wharf at ten o'clock and arrives at Mount Vernon about noon. The tomb, as well as the mansion, is ever open to the inspection of visitors, the only stipulation being that the parties shall not be too numerous at one time. An excellent meal is provided at a very moderate price, by the ladies in charge, and the stay of two hours may be rendered one of much enjoyment. The steamer reaches the wharf on the return trip about four o'clock, giving the tourist several hours to remain in the city before departure.

ON THE POTOMAC.





PULLING out of Washington the special glided along slowly for some distance, in order to give the quartet a comprehensive view of the City of Magnificent Distances, as the capital is frequently termed. Surely it well repays the traveler, even if he should decide not to stop over here, to take the Baltimore and Ohio road, as an excellent panorama of the beauties of the city can be obtained from the car windows—a matter which never fails to be appreciated. Gradually the Capitol dome faded from sight, and as the train dashed along—so swiftly yet so smoothly—the spirits of the quartet were quickened, and a sample of what the road could do in the way of fast time was enjoyed to the utmost. Soon the train plunged through a heavy growth of timber, and then there burst upon the view the clear, sparkling bosom of the Potomac. At once there came over the party a quietude, and memories of the past took such deep possession as to well-nigh shut

out thoughts of the present. The first note to break the silence was the tuneful whistle of Apple Jack, and as it filled the car it took the shape of carrying the three older members of the quartet back to the days when "tenting on the old camp ground" was for the nonce the national hymn. "All quiet on the Potomac" stood in the mind's eye as vividly as it used to years ago, when the anxious ones at the hearth-stone unfolded the morning paper, eager yet fearful to learn the latest from the seat of war. The Potomac! How the very word recalls the past, and how hallowed its every letter in the memory of, alas! too many who never heard more from precious husbands or brothers or sons than that they fell where the river flowed deepest. But the beauty of the living present summoned back from the dead past the thoughts of the beholders, and the artistic eye of Yellowstone glistened through the tears as his cultivated nature responded to the scene. Nearer and nearer to the banks of the noble river sped the train, while each succeeding mile unveiled new fascinations. It was the loveliness of valley with only a reminder of the grandeur of the mountains in the shadowy outlines of a far-distant peak of the Blue Ridge. Trees royally profuse in foliage leaned lovingly over the waters as if wedding them to closer embrace, that the emerald of the virgin leaf might kiss the purity of translucent ripple. Anon the banks ran down even to meeting with the waters, while again their precipitous height overtowered them, and the oak and the elm were pictured more perfectly in the mirror-like surface of the river than artist can ever hope to reproduce. Through the arching branches glimpses were gained at intervals of cozy homes, of golden-hued valleys, of flocks of sheep and herds of kine. Nothing in stronger contrast to the war's dread front can be imagined than this succession



POTOMAC ABOVE THE MONOCACY.

of pastoral scenes; and one can hardly believe that upon this very ground, and within this very vision, armies had struggled for the mastery, and that the soil of the earth now so rich and green in its plenteous verdure had been deeply dyed in precious blood. A shrill whistle, a slight and hardly perceptible pressure upon the air-brakes, and the engine ceases its puffing and stands at rest at Washington Junction (the intersection, it will be remembered, of the old line with what is known as the Metropolitan Branch from Washington to the present main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad). Some ten miles east of the Junction, on the old line, is Frederick Junction, the city being at the terminus of a branch three miles long. The older section of the city is most picturesque; quaint homes with gable roofs and windows, of the architecture of fifty years ago, predominating. It was from one of these windows that Barbara Fritchie looked down upon the Confederate army as it marched through the town, and shook the flag of the Union in the face of Stonewall Jackson. There is a wide difference of opinion as to the exact foundation of the poem, and there is hardly a doubt but that the poet indulged in considerable license in perfecting his rhythm and rendering his incidents dramatic. That there was a staunch and determined Unionist in the person of an old lady resident is a fact beyond question, and also that this good dame, in the patriotic outburst of her sentiment, expressed herself in unmistakable terms and with a good deal of vehemence. At all events the poem is a stirring one, and stands worthy of ever remaining among the loved mementos of the war. Frederick is one of the attractive places which have lent such lustre to the good name of Maryland. The modern section evidences not only a liberal, free-handed people in the construction of business-houses, but the residence streets prove



POINT OF ROCKS.

the development of the highest culture in architecture and surroundings. There is not a more engaging place at first sight in any state, and the entertainment of visitors is ever such as must increase rather than diminish the favor born of initial impressions. The city was more or less affected by the armed contentions between the North and the South; still no very great harm was done, the sympathizers on both sides having frequent opportunity to testify practically to their convictions by affording much material sustenance to their friends. At Frederick Junction the battle of Monocacy was fought—the Union forces under command of General Lew. Wallace and the Confederates under the lead of Jubal Early. This was in 1864, and some ten thousand men were engaged on either side. The result was that Wallace was forced to retreat, sustaining a decided defeat.

The river at the Junction presented a new phase, indicative of the narrower confines that further west restricted its flow and caused it to break into cataracts, into whirlpools, and into cascades of surpassing seemliness. This new portrayal of the picturesque lent exquisite contrast to the placid breast of the canal which skirts the banks of the river and follows graceful curves between it and the railroad track. The growth of tree, of bush and of ferns on the banks was of such luxuriance as to paint rare pictures upon the unruffled face of the water; and looking beyond, the surging Potomac, now rushing between monstrous boulders and anon plunging over them with a resistless force, formed a background and a centerground which needed only the majestic peaks overtopped by a radiant sky to make the whole such as to carry Yellowstone away with enthusiasm, and he determined to go no farther until he had transferred it to canvas. This resolve on his part was only too gladly acquiesced in by Ben, Apple Jack,



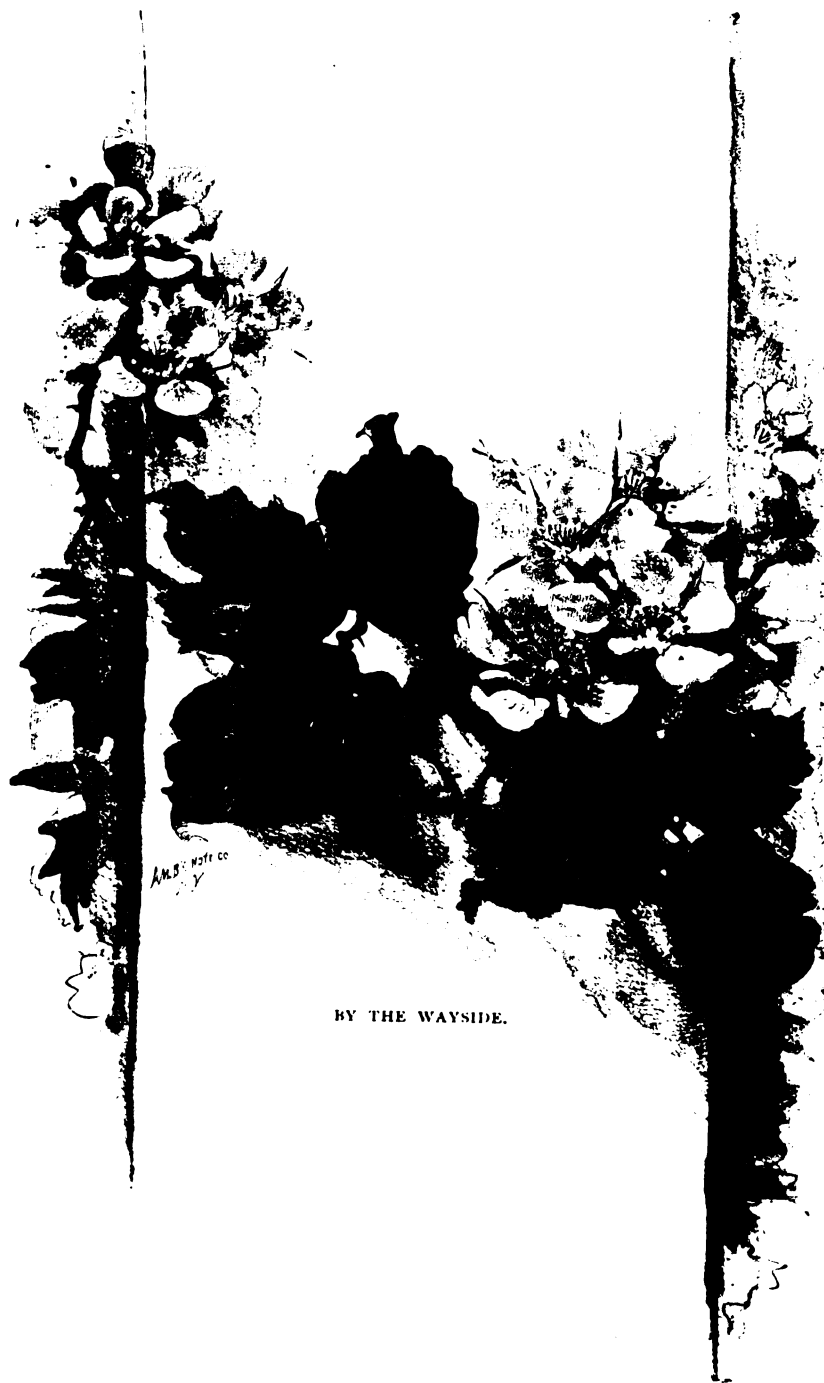
POTOMAC AT WEVERTON.

and the Fairy as well. The stories told of the black bass that were waiting to be deftly lifted from their native element had made them eager to try their hand on the gamy fish, and it took but a moment's consultation to decide that the car should be taken half a mile farther on and side-tracked at Point of Rocks. Here lived two of the most noted fishermen on the Potomac, the one the station agent of the Company, the other the proprietor of a little store, who never trifled with business when there was good fishing to be had and a first-class party to participate in it. Apple Jack had brought along a reel and a book of flies which would have delighted old Izaak himself. The Fairy had also taken good care to provide himself with the necessities for such a recreation; and although Ben declared he had never participated in the sport, in the next breath he insisted upon it that he could "get away" with the best man in the crowd on bass. Yellowstone consented to experiment upon the cunning denizens of the shady pools, but with the proviso that he should have time to make such sketches as he desired, as he was out for the enjoyment of the picturesque, and not particularly for the gratification of his fondness for the rod and line; still he maintained that he would not be behindhand in the extent of his string of trophies when night came on. Thus it was that all four quietly determined to extract all there was out of a day upon the Potomac bass-fishing. No trouble was experienced in securing the coöperation of the agent and the storekeeper, they themselves kindly arranging for the boats and for the baits, and pledging that everything should be in readiness at daylight next morning. The fact that these old anglers asserted that it took minnows to tempt bass started Apple Jack on the defense of his claim, to wit, that bass would not look at minnows when a blue-hackle or a

coachman lay temptingly upon the surface of the water. The agent in a good-natured way explained to Apple Jack that he was rather "fresh" to tell him how black bass should be taken from the river by the side of which he had been born and raised. This made no difference to the young man, and to his credit it should be recorded that he so far prevailed upon the at first obdurate fisherman as to promise to cast a fly next day and give it a trial.

For a change the quartet left the car to take up their abode in the inn that stood upon the bank of the canal — a time-tried domicile with low ceilings, long, sloping eaves, moss-covered roof, and other evidences of old age. It was out of the usual line of sleeping-places, and therefore the more to be enjoyed. The proprietor, a characteristic country "mine host," was grizzly of beard, large of paunch, and slow alike of speech and movement. He did not know about having breakfast quite so early as the most enthusiastic of the party wanted, as he had had considerable experience with city fishermen and knew their fondness for the bed when the gray streaks in the heavens tell of the approaching day; nevertheless he good-naturedly promised to have everything in readiness at the proper hour, and the quartet sought apartments, and thereafter the stillness of night was broken only by Ben's outrageous snoring. Boots, shoes, a reel or two, and other gentle reminders of the vexation of spirit this midnight discord had upon the others, seemed not to affect the slumbers of the aggravating fellow, and next morning he maintained by all that was good and bad that he never snored, the disarranged appearance of things about the head of his bed and on the floor immediately adjacent thereto to the contrary notwithstanding. After more or less persuasion on the part of the landlord he succeeded in getting

the Four up next morning, and the way the breakfast was demolished was a caution to every hotel keeper to be careful in entertaining strangers at regular rates. The first thing in order proved to be a novel ride upon the canal. The boats were attached by a long rope to an old gray horse which, by dint of much clubbing, managed to keep in a trot and convey the party to a point some three miles distant, where the services of the angular quadruped were dispensed with, the boats hauled over the canal bank into the river and the sport of the day commenced. Despite the inexperience of some of the party the result was all that the most sanguine had anticipated—the bass numerous and the holes plenty, and the fish as game as ever that were so unfortunate as to take hold of a minnow at the barbed end. The only mishap of the day was Ben's involuntary and wholly unexpected bath. He had been boldly claiming for hours that he was going to strike a genuine monster, and becoming somewhat weary of standing up all the time, he removed his number twelves, sat on the bow, and the waters of the Potomac laved his feet. In this awkward position he did strike a big one, and it was worth a day's journey, to an old hand at landing a fish, to witness the predicament that black bass put him in. The fish, which was evidently a six-pounder, pulled very hard, and Ben, tired of holding him with his left hand, and reeling with his right, changed hands, got the reel upside down, and with his body bent over in the shape of an aggravated U he hallooed at the top of his voice for his oarsman to bring the landing-net. The absurdity of this request may be best appreciated when it is stated that he had fully fifty yards of line out, and the balance of it so tangled up on his reel and around his wrists that to wind it was an impossibility. This was the situation when he determined (as



BY THE WAYSIDE.

he expressed it) to "snatch the fish bald-headed." The result was that the line parted and Ben lost his balance, and in an instant the waters had closed over his manly form. The rescue was prompt; but Ben, instead of being discomfited by the entirely unusual quantity of water he had surprised his stomach with, expressed his unalterable determination not to go ashore and dry off: he would stay there and catch that fish yet, if it took him all summer. Aside from the excitement of the fishing, the float down the river was one of the greatest pleasure; and it would be sad indeed to imagine any man with soul so dead to nature as not to be thrilled by the exquisite scenes unfolded at every turn of the Potomac. From one immense rock in the center of the stream an enchanting view of Harper's Ferry, seven miles distant, was obtained, and Yellowstone could hardly be induced to leave it and go on down the river. The day's catch was an excellent one, the fish numbering fifty odd, and ranging from five pounds five ounces down to half a pound, the average exceeding two pounds weight. Point of Rocks is a capital place for fishermen to visit, as there are good accommodations in the way of inns, boats, oarsmen and bait. The charges for services are quite moderate, and as it is so near the large cities of the East one has to spend but a night on the cars to have a day's sport and reach home early the second morning.

HARPER'S FERRY.





RETURNING to the car, the order was given for the start again; and it is hazarding nothing to claim that there is not a ten-mile stretch on any railroad in the world more varied and majestic in its surroundings than that which extends from Point of Rocks to Harper's Ferry. The Point is so named from the fact that the roadway passes through a tunnel at the base of a mountain of no mean proportions, the sentinel, as it were, on the outposts of the Blue Ridge. The Valley of the Potomac narrows, and on either side the hills rise gradually to mountain grandeur; the river, hemmed in more closely, gaining in velocity of current and contrasting strongly with the sluggish flow of the canal which still follows the line of the road. The foliage gains new wealth of color, and the occasional openings that permit the eye to roam for miles up the river are like glimpses of another world. At Catoctin the granite opens to a considerable width,

and for seven miles the road runs through a little valley appropriately known as Pleasant. At the west end is Weverton Junction, the intersection of the B. and O. branch running to Hagerstown, twenty-four miles distant, crossing Antietam Creek near Keedysville, and in full view of the mountain upon which were McClellan's headquarters from which he issued the orders for the march on to Sharpsburg. The bloody battle-ground of Antietam is but three miles from Keedysville, and is accessible by stage. Hagerstown is another of the old-time, picturesque settlements of Maryland, and for artists one of the most interesting places to be found anywhere in the country. Despite its years it is an active and energetic business center, peopled with solid men who, while they may do business a good deal after the fashion set them by their fathers, operate upon a sound and reliable basis. Hagerstown, although more or less the center of operations during the war, did not suffer to any great extent. Lee, retreating from Gettysburg, held it for three days, throwing up earthworks which still remain. On the night of the third day the Federal forces drew up to such close quarters that a retreat was made across the river and the Union men gained possession without opposition.

From Weverton Junction the three miles to Harper's Ferry were fairly through the very heart of mountain fastnesses, precipitous piles of granite rising up to a tremendous height and dwarfing the train until it was by comparison but as a puny antagonist flying in the face of rock-ribbed power. The volume of water in the Potomac, increased by the flow of the Shenandoah just above, becomes a torrent in impetuosity, and so eager to find its way to the sea that it froths and fumes to a whiteness absolutely indescribable in beauty. The ruins of houses long since passed into decay (with tall chimneys attempt-

ing in their scrawny dimensions to rival the towering masses of rock beside them) add to the general effect, while the ivies, the willows, the gnarled, weather-beaten pines, all help to form pictures which follow in such rapid succession as to almost bewilder the eye and cause one to wish that the train might stop so as to permit of a single view out of all these witching scenes. On the opposite side the grand domes of the Blue Ridge extending into Old Virginia loom dark and frowning, as if the Shenandoah, in cutting its way through them and dividing state from state, had enkindled an anger which ages would never efface. Beyond Virginia and into West Virginia (the base of the two states, ending in the swift-flowing stream which separates them) start abruptly up Bolivar Heights with Harper's Ferry at their feet. The train, still upon the opposite side of the river, winds its sinuous way beneath Maryland Heights, which reach almost to the clouds, the highest point fully thirteen hundred feet above the level of the river. To describe the meeting of these three mighty masses, forest-crowned and hoary-headed with age, the Potomac and the Shenandoah joining in one stormy torrent, the long, narrow vista up the Potomac, the glimpses of the Valley of the Shenandoah, the symmetrical steel bridge in the foreground, the old-fashioned houses in Harper's Ferry, the extended walls of the arsenal which has for many years been in ruins, with naught but the chimneys to tell of its former importance; Jefferson Rock high upon the heights back of the Ferry, and over all the warm Italian sky of September: one can behold all this with the eye, but to transfer it to the cold regular lines of type—impossible!

Ben had telegraphed ahead for a team to meet the quartet at the depot, and upon going to it, the character of vehicle, driver and horses proved well in keeping with the

surroundings. The beasts of burden were both aged, but one had had the advantage of unrestricted development in early life, while the other had evidently met the trials of existence too soon, and never reached that growth which otherwise might have been attained. The reinsman was an "old stager," and, as is usual with such characters, had hardly become acquainted before he began to tell of driving Horace Greeley on his memorable ride through Colorado. A venerable story told over again, it served as an introduction to the familiarity which existed to the end of the peregrinations in and about the historic spot. Meanwhile the quadrupeds made their tedious way up the principal street, which is upon an incline of about forty-five degrees. On either side homes and places of business of ancient construction are mounted almost one above the other, and it would not be difficult for a person to imagine falling off of one down upon the roof of another and breaking his neck. The ride was one of novelty, and Yellowstone, as usual, became pensive, insisting upon it that the street alone was worthy of a week's journey upon the part of any artist to take in its full picturesque effects. Once at the top of the thoroughfare, the view unfolded was that which few men would not toil on foot double the distance to behold. There was no stopping, however, as the good-natured guide explained that it was a mere bagatelle to that which was coming. Up, and still up, climbed the weary horses, and making a sharp turn the wagon came to an abrupt standstill by the wall of a graveyard, the stones and monuments so weather-beaten and gray with years, the grass so tangled and luxuriant in its growth, the trees so sparse of limb and thickly knotted, and the generally unused appearance, justifying one in the belief that the resting-place of Noah had at last been found. There were no gates to this city of the dead, but there were irregular stones so placed as to afford



STREET IN HARPER'S FERRY.

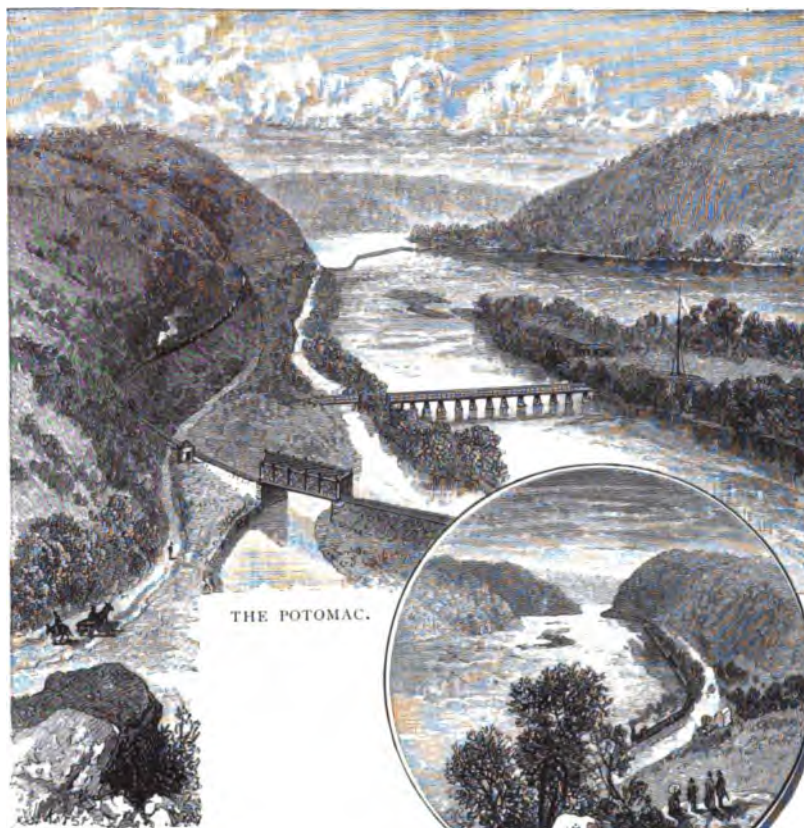
a stairway, as it were, to mount the inclosure, through which the party passed to that historic promontory, Jefferson's Rock. Here it was that Thomas Jefferson stood and drank in a scene which he eloquently affirmed was worth a journey over the Atlantic. "Standing," he says, "on a very high point of land, on the right comes the Shenandoah, having ranged the foot of the mountains a hundred miles to seek a vent; on the left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder and pass off to the sea." During all the years which have passed since, the rock has been preserved as carefully as though its material were most precious. As time undermined its base, props were inserted to keep it in place, and the inscription is still kept intact, giving the date of Jefferson's visit. The different members of the quartet climbed to the rather difficult standing-point, and the expressions which escaped from one and another as the summit was reached bore strongest testimony to the unparalleled sublimity of the view. Directly within the range of vision were three states: Bolivar Heights, upon which is Jefferson's Rock, are in West Virginia; the north and south banks below the meeting of the rivers are called Maryland and Loudon Heights; the Potomac is the dividing line between Virginia and West Virginia, which is about a mile east of Harper's Ferry and nearly parallel with the Shenandoah at that point. Looking directly down, a thousand feet or more, the track of the Valley Division of the B. and O. is seen, and the eye may follow it up the Shenandoah until lost among mountains in the distance. The river itself is a beautiful stream, and here and there, where the close meeting of immense boulders has stopped the current, it breaks over them in merry, dashing waterfalls. The grandest view of all is yet to come; and the quartet,



HARPER'S FERRY.

scrambling back into the vehicle, drove by a narrow and steep road down into a valley, and almost immediately thereafter commenced another climb, which ends upon the highest ground on Bolivar Heights. The Fairy, who had grown disconsolate in attempting the description of Harper's Ferry and surroundings as seen from the cars, became almost dispirited as he took full view of the scene from the latest point of observation. It was of no use, he declared, to essay details; and "beyond description" was a hackneyed term. He had never before comprehended its meaning to the fullest, and he was perplexed to know what to say, where to commence, or where to end. Backward was the Valley of the Shenandoah; to the right the Potomac below Harper's Ferry, the view showing through Loudon Heights on the one hand and Maryland Heights on the other; away down in the foreground Harper's Ferry, with John Brown's fort and the arsenal ruins, the tumble-down buildings and the bridge. The eye rising from that roams so far away as to vainly endeavor to outline every object within its range. To the left is the Potomac, again skirted by towering mountains, the lines of one merging into those of another, and the whole forming graceful masses, reflected where the current had been stopped and where grand mirrors lay like seas of molten silver in the sunshine.

Yellowstone commenced sketch after sketch, tearing them to pieces one after the other as new inspirations seized him; and finally he left the rest of the party, sought a place where he could be alone, and remained there until darkness compelled him to abandon further operations until morning. Ben and the Fairy followed along memory's path back to the war, and as they had both carried muskets (Ben with Lee and the Fairy with McClellan), there was in the scene before them much to



THE POTOMAC.

THE SHENANDOAH.

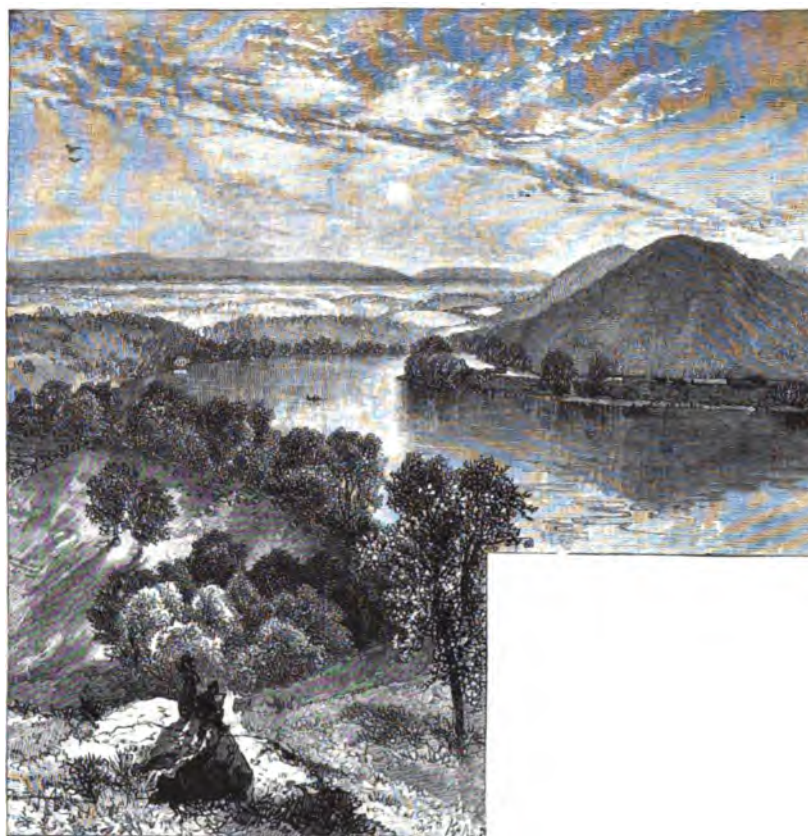
talk about. Old soldiers very rarely fall into disputes or let their angry passions rise by reminiscences of the times that tried men's souls. Those who treasure up the bitter things incident to the war have a purpose in so doing; and very few indeed of these creatures ever smelled gunpowder, their fighting consisting chiefly in mouthing in safe places at home. Old antagonists, who always appreciate and remember the bravery exhibited on both sides, and who ever bear willing testimony to the little sweet there was found in those days, meet now upon common ground, and discuss as pleasantly and as quietly as if sectional strife had never divided them. In all the area over which the war made its history there can be found no center of more momentous events than Harper's Ferry. Here it was that the war had its birth, for in that primitive borough which Ben and the Fairy looked down upon John Brown fired the first gun. The scheme then inaugurated (looking to an insurrection among the slaves) was the keynote. At the time, it is needless to state, there was a wide diversity of opinion as to Brown's course; and there were very many who denounced him in no measured terms, who afterward became the strongest advocates of the Government in crushing the Confederacy. Little did they or any one else dream then that the strife at Harper's Ferry would extend until it divided families, friends and country. Nothing can be gained by discussing pros and cons, and history has not become so vague as to necessitate any lengthy recounting here. All know well what became of John Brown and his men. The engine-house which served him as a fort, and which still stands within the arsenal grounds, is in plain sight of the train, and he who reverently or otherwise looks upon the building may call to mind the part which it has played in the country's history, and remember it as pleases him best. Early in

the spring of 1861 Harper's Ferry was occupied by Generals Joe Johnston and Stonewall Jackson. The Federal troops were encamped almost immediately opposite at Sandy Hook. The experience of passengers on board the B. and O. trains during that period was of a character not altogether pleasant: stopped on the Maryland side of the river by the Union forces, and again on the Virginia side by the Confederate forces, a man had to be careful to remember to just which power he had last given allegiance. In a few weeks the Confederates evacuated the Ferry, moving to Winchester, the Federals taking possession and holding it until September 1862, when General Stonewall Jackson captured it and compelled Colonel White, the Federal commander, to surrender with eleven thousand men. The Union forces were paroled, and Jackson marched immediately to join Lee at Antietam. Harper's Ferry is about ten miles from Sharpsburg, where the battle of Antietam was fought, the Confederates speaking of it as the battle of Sharpsburg because Lee's headquarters were on the edge of that town, and the Federals calling it the battle of Antietam because it was fought along the creek of that name. The great cemetery is at Sharpsburg, and in it may still be seen Lee's Rock. Little or no trouble is experienced in reaching Sharpsburg or Antietam, either by taking the Washington County branch from Weverton, thence twelve miles to Keedysville and two and a half miles by stage (the fare only a quarter each way), or by leaving the main line of the B. and O. at Kearneysville.

The Confederates never occupied Harper's Ferry after the battle of Antietam, but it was throughout the war the scene of much uncertainty, as it was largely the objective point on both sides. Where Ben and the Fairy stood upon Bolivar Heights, nearly all the ground referred to as cov-

ered by the operations of both armies at Antietam was in full view. To the right, South Mountain, where the battle had been fought prior to Antietam, and where McClellan pressed Lee so strongly that he fell back through Boonsboro and Keedysville, seven and a half miles to Antietam, fighting all the way. Fully as distinct was South Mountain itself, where ex-President Hayes was wounded, and whence he was taken down a few miles to a farm-house for treatment and attention. Meantime, and on the day of the battle of South Mountain, Stonewall Jackson fought on Bolivar Heights, where he captured a large number of Union soldiers, as heretofore stated. From his elevated position he saw the smoke of South Mountain, and hurrying his troops down and following the river to Shepherdstown, and thence to Sharpsburg, he arrived there in time to participate in the battle of Antietam. His corps was placed in position and, being fresh, crowded McClellan back two miles or more to the creek and captured every position but the bridge, which was held by Burnside, and which was the key to the situation. That night Lee crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown, and was followed by McClellan, who unsuccessfully attempted to prevent further retreat.

Lee returned on the second morning from Shepherdstown to Martinsburg and Winchester. General Reno, who commanded the advance corps at South Mountain, was killed in the fight there, having attacked Lee early in the morning and worsted him. After the fight at Antietam a portion of the army pursued Lee to Winchester, but the main command under Burnside proceeded to Berlin, about four miles below Harper's Ferry, crossed the river there, and thence marched into Virginia. From the Heights also was seen the stretch of country General Lee traversed with his army on the march to Gettysburg. At



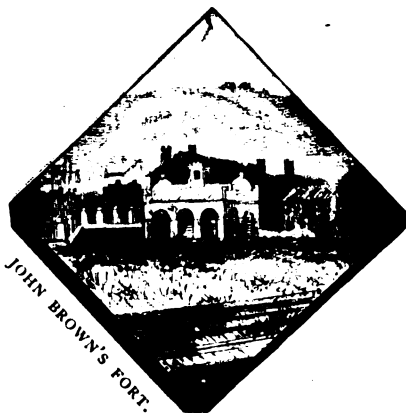
FROM BOLIVAR HEIGHTS.

that time Maryland Heights were occupied by two thousand Union men under the command of General French. Lee's army crossed at Shepherdstown, and recrossed on his retreat from Gettysburg at Falling Waters, which is plainly discernible. Ben and the Fairy stood there for hours going over the might-have-beens, awed the while in the almost immediate presence of the territory figuring so prominently in the history of the past. Many a man could sit for a day upon Bolivar Heights and tell of the part he had played in fixing the destiny of his country; and no insignificant number of old soldiers have stopped over at Harper's Ferry, climbed the Heights, and stood there as will their children in the future. No place will be more sacred, no point more absorbing in its interest, and no spot more cherished. The pilgrimage of the quartet for the day ended in an invigorating ride down the Heights on the west side of the railroad track, which was followed a short distance to a locality of much interest, known as the Rattling Springs. The road thither, after reaching the level of the river bank, is through lines of trees which, meeting high up, form an archway almost the entire distance. The spring is exceedingly picturesque, the water issuing from the base of a stalwart ledge of rock a hundred or more feet high, and surmounted by tall pines having their roots in the rock itself. All about it is dense foliage, and as one places his ear close to the granite the water may be distinctly heard percolating through the hidden crevices, finding its way out of the narrow aperture at the bottom.

The sun was just setting as the start was made for the car, and on the way the effects were so perfect, the lights and shades so mellow, the water so clear and sparkling, that the retreating of Old Sol was witnessed with regret. It was still light enough to make the run over to Byrne's



JEFFERSON ROCK.



JOHN BROWN'S FORT.

RATTLING SPRING.

Island (owned by the Railroad Company), which has been beautified in so many ways that for excursion and picnic parties no more pleasurable place can be imagined. The island is situated just above Harper's Ferry, and its romantic little nooks, its natural bowers, its sloping lawns and charming views of water and distant mountains, form pictures over which the artist might linger for hour upon hour. It would be difficult to place, in the order of their attraction, the many centers of interest in and about Harper's Ferry; and as the vicinity has been in the past so will it continue to be in the future—a place man cannot visit without pleasure and profit.

VALLEY OF THE VIRGINIA.



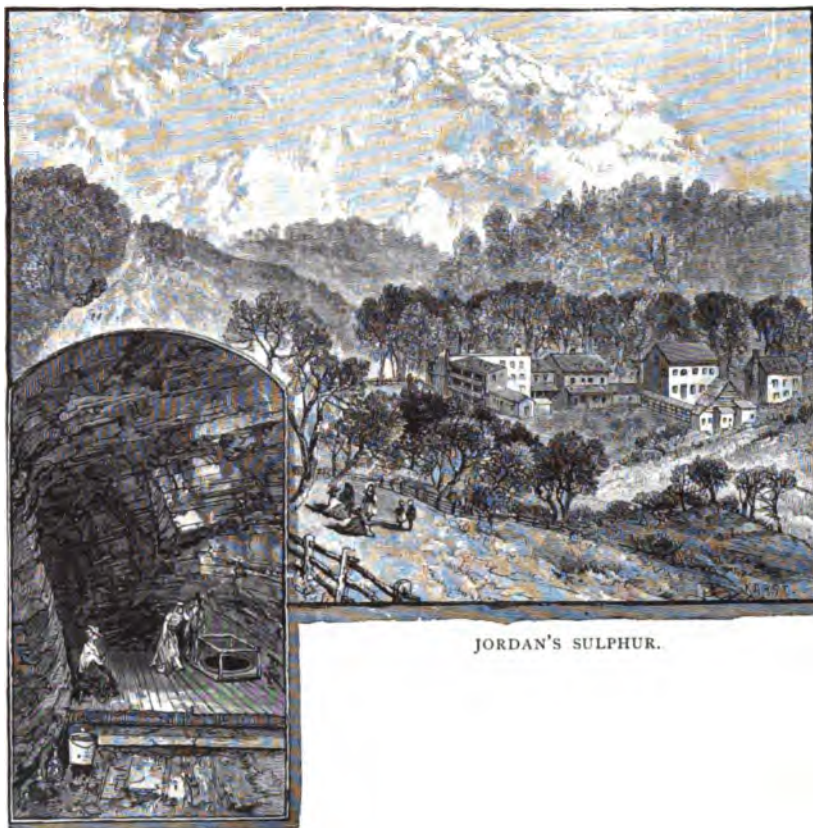


HARPER'S FERRY is at the western extremity of the grand valley known north of the Potomac as the Cumberland, and south as the Valley of the Virginia. This latter was the objective point now reached by the quartet ; hence instructions were given to transfer the car from the main line to the Valley Branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which commences at the Ferry.

The "special" followed the base of Bolivar Heights, passing under the shadow of Jefferson's Rock, and beyond into an open space showing the neat village of Bolivar on the Maryland side, while upon the Virginia side Loudon Heights were in full view, with their base ending abruptly in the waters of the Shenandoah. The river, not far distant, breaks into exquisite cataracts, falling in some places from fifteen to twenty feet. Ten miles from Harper's Ferry the train came to a brief halt, at Charleston, one of the historic points of the early days of the war, and also

the spot where John Brown and his companions were tried and hanged. Seventeen miles farther and Stephenson's Depot, Va., was reached. At this point passengers leave the railroad and take stage for Jordan's White Sulphur Springs, one and a half miles distant. As this resort was upon the visiting list of the quartet the special was run upon a side-track and preparations made for a trip in the wagon which stood waiting. It was roomy enough to accommodate quite comfortably from fifteen to eighteen people, and the horses starting off on a brisk trot the party whirled over to the springs in a twinkling. The location proved to be a very pleasant one. The surrounding hills were covered with a luxuriant vegetation, and the climb to the top of almost any one of them was compensated by a series of magnificent views. The resort is an esteemed one for families. Here many of them spend season after season, and enjoy as much as anything else these reunions of summer companions. The main spring, known as the White Sulphur, is in the center of the grounds, and near by are wells of pure, sweet water, free from mineral qualities. To indulge in an extended dissertation on the medicinal virtues of the water would be but to reprint, in a condensed form, the pamphlets which are issued, giving not only analyses in full, but much interesting matter relative to the various forms of disease which are most benefited by its use. All of the numerous resorts issue these publications, and they can be had for the mere trouble of writing for them. As to the proper form of addressing requests of this character, it need only be said that letters forwarded to the Springs—say, for instance, to Jordan's White Sulphur Springs, Rock Enon, or any of the resorts in the valley—will be promptly responded to.

The Fairy, to whom was delegated the journal of the trip, declared that to attempt to tell all about the waters



JORDAN'S SULPHUR.

THE SPRING.

and enumerate the diseases susceptible of their curative influence, give analyses, and furnish testimonials, would entail a task which should properly be performed by a physician. More than this, the pamphlets themselves almost invariably contain certificates of well-known medical men, to whom reference may be made, as they are authority upon such questions. This brief explanation is made in order that those who desire to become fully informed as to the value of these waters may be able to do so. The whole country about Jordan's White Sulphur Springs lies some five hundred feet above the level of Harper's Ferry, and therefore the pure air, together with the fragrance of the pines which cover the surrounding hills, is refreshing and healthful. As the name implies, the water is largely impregnated with sulphur and the minerals usually accompanying it.

Returning to the train at Stephenson's Depot, the next stop was at Winchester, interesting in picturesque habitations, and most hospitable to strangers. During the war it was the scene of almost continuous contests, first one side holding the town and then the other. Early in the conflict Stonewall Jackson attacked Banks, giving him a lively time, for before it was over he had captured three thousand or more men and upward of two million dollars' worth of medical stores, which at that juncture were especially valuable to the Confederates. Soon afterward the town again fell into the hands of the Federals, but in June Ewell, leading General Lee's advance corps, gave battle to General Milroy, who commanded the Union forces, and hemmed him in so closely that it was only at the end of the second day, and after hard and brilliant fighting, that Milroy succeeded in cutting his way out. After the battle of Antietam the Confederate forces fell back to Winchester and there wintered. Early in the summer of 1864 General

Grant, deeming the Valley of the Virginia an important position to control, sent General Sheridan with a large force of cavalry to occupy Winchester—which he did, forcing the Confederates to Cedar Creek, some ten miles south of the town. In one way or another Winchester was in an almost incessant state of turmoil, and it appears strange that anything should be left of the place. It is now, however, a thriving business center, and the principal entrepôt of the lower valley.

From Winchester, thirty-two miles from Harper's Ferry, the tourist takes stage to Rock Enon Springs, Va., sixteen miles distant. As it was the intention of the quartet to drive from Rock Enon direct to Capon Springs, and thence to Capon Station, there to take the train again, a short run was made on the special from Winchester to Capon Station and return, in order to see the line of road between the two points and make a short stop at Cedar Creek, the spot that Buchanan Reed has made famous by his poem, "Sheridan's Ride."

Four miles from Winchester is Kernstown, where, in December 1861, a battle was fought between Jackson and Shields, and where the gallant hero of Mexican renown forced the redoubtable "Stonewall" to one of his strategic retreats up the valley, Shields following him. The train moving along slowly over the historic ground intervening between Kernstown and Cedar Creek, opportunity was afforded the quartet to view the old earthworks and recall the stirring events of 1861 and 1862. The railroad bridge across Cedar Creek stands at the point where the fighting was of the fiercest character; and old soldiers on both sides could doubtless point out the spot where this or that charge was made, or where commanders and comrades fell.

The notable battle was here fought between Federal

troops commanded by Sheridan and Confederates under Jubal Early. The latter the night before were encamped several miles down the creek, and in the darkness crossed and followed it up on the opposite side, where the Federals were quartered. The attack was made at daylight, and was so unexpected that a stampede was created and fully a thousand prisoners, in addition to an immense amount of camp equipage, were taken. General Emory was temporarily in command, Sheridan having remained at Winchester. The rout of the Union men was complete, and the Confederates, dazed with their victory, forgot caution and everything else in the wholesale pillage of the captured stores. Meantime the news of the dire disaster had reached Sheridan, and in a second there were aroused in him that quickness of decision and heroic dash which made him the most successful cavalry general this country ever produced. Mounting his charger, which Buchanan Reed has so vividly described, the doughty general plunged his spurs deep and was off on that ever memorable ride from Winchester. That the poet did take liberties with the facts detracts from Phil. Sheridan not one iota of the glory which attaches to his remarkable achievement. When he reached his shattered and distracted forces he was in himself a power greater than would have been added to the day by fully ten thousand fresh troops. He was absolutely irresistible: his presence and his voice restored confidence in a manner that nothing else could, and he turned defeat into victory before the Confederates could half realize what they had lost. Sheridan fell upon them like an avenger, and in their disorder and confusion he almost swept them from the face of the earth. Within an hour he had not only regained all of his own men that had been captured, but made prisoners of as many Confederates. Early retreated in

terrible confusion, but Sheridan came relentlessly upon his rear, fought him hotly at every opportunity, and annihilated his command at Waynesboro, where the last halt was made. It was one of the greatest consummations of all the war; and had Sheridan done naught else he should forever be entitled to the honor of his country and the respect of his foes for this one glorious exploit.

Prior to the short run up the track the quartet had ordered a conveyance, at Winchester, to make the trip to Rock Enon Springs, and thence via Capon to the road again. It came lumbering up to the depot — this suggestive relic of departed greatness. It was a hack which in its pristine days must have been a tony affair, and would have served as a capital shelter, for it could be closed up on every side, and nothing short of a hurricane could disturb its base, so heavy were not only the wheels but the body also. In it sat a young negro who proved to be a "character." The Four had hardly started before Ben commenced on him, keeping the others in an incessant state of merriment for miles. Yes; he had had a father, and, strange to relate, also a mother — had no sisters, but did have a big brother, who could "down" any man in the county. Of his sweetheart he was at first coy, but the irresistible tactics employed by Ben drew out of the unsuspecting contraband all the details of his courtship, his promises, and his expectations of future happiness. In the interesting information imparted by the dusky jehu was the fact that the conveyance in which the party was so snugly ensconced was a Virginia "fix." About everything on wheels was known in that part of the country as a "fix"; and the negro, in explaining the different forms of fixes, perpetrated many cute sayings, and added not a little to the quartet's knowledge of the manners and customs of the old-time Virginian. Meantime the "fix"

had reached the top of a high hill back of Winchester. From there the vista possessed a world of attraction. On the one hand was a bird's-eye view of the historical town, whose picturesque effect was heightened by a great abundance of foliage, out of which sprang long, peaked roofs, with odd-fashioned windows, and glistening church spires. Up the valley rose mountain back of mountain, those in the foreground standing out in bold relief, while those behind grew more shadowy as distance lent to them that soft, hazy purple which so enhances the beauty of all romantic scenery; directly in front, an exquisite little valley with great hills beyond, and upon which could plainly be distinguished the broad, hard pike to be traveled before the springs would be reached. It was a sixteen-mile drive, but an exhilarating atmosphere and congenial company, and above all the ceaseless stream of Ben's talk coupled with the negro's rejoinders, made time pass quickly, and almost before it was fully realized the gateway of Rock Enon was at hand. The quartet, determined upon taking things as comfortably and as carelessly as the hardiest of mountain explorers could wish, were arrayed in wide-rimmed hats, flannel shirts and top-boots. Coats had been dispensed with, also vests and neckties; and as the ancient of days rattled up to the front of the hotel the guests were unquestionably pardonable in entertaining grave suspicions as to the true character of the crowd. There would be no use in disguising the fact that outward appearances gave semblance to the belief that the quartet were not F. F. V's. This was brought quite forcibly to the attention of the party by the noisy reception given by a rollicking troop of boys who in the arrival found much out of the usual routine to enjoy. Ben, quick to take in any situation, responded cheerily to the salutation of the youngsters, and fairly



THE CIRCUS AT ROCK ENON.

frenzied them with the announcement that the "fix" contained the advance agents of a quadruple circus. More than this, he promised them all complimentaries, and incited their liveliest appreciation of the good things to come by telling them that when the posters and hand-bills were put up the people of the entire country for a hundred miles around would flock in to the great moral show. It may be imagined that such talk on the part of the incorrigible joker rendered the welcome none the less enthusiastic; and as the tall and venerable form of the proprietor was seen coming through the hall to the porch it toned down a little, but still it was so demonstrative as to become somewhat irksome. The host looked askance, but upon cards being presented grew so cordial and affable that a homelike feeling at once came over the party. The first thing in order was a bath, and as the fame of the enlivening effect of a plunge at Rock Enon had preceded arrival, no time was lost in crossing the lawn to the structure wherein the swimming-pool may well be said to be the center of interest. Porters followed with the luggage, so that presentable apparel might distinguish the reappearance of the Four. At the entrance the old colored woman having general charge of affairs held up her hands in horror, and looked as if the good man of the house had done wrong in permitting possession to be taken by a lot of "tramps." Once in the bath-house, it was closed to all others; and if anything could have been more enjoyable than the swim upon that particular day there was no curiosity to discover it. Upon coming out the dusky dame for the moment was bewildered, as she did not recognize the party, the change from rough to store clothes having created so decided a transformation. Cogitating a moment, and light dawning upon her, she finally broke out with the exclamation, "'Fore de Lawd



'FORE DE LAWD!

you was a hard lookin' lot when you went in, but you is gemmen now." The best part of it was that the boys failed entirely to identify even Ben, and all that day disconsolately roamed about endeavoring to hunt up "them circus men."

The location of Rock Enon Springs in a little valley surrounded by mountains (the gorge to the rear creating a current ever preserving a delightful state of the atmosphere) renders the resort one of the most popular in the valley. The chalybeate spring is of the strength best calculated to afford relief for certain forms of disease. There are four sulphur springs, also alkaline springs and spring-water for almost every disease which luckless human nature is heir to. The most robust guest as well as the tenderest invalid finds in the swimming-pool (fed by the water from several of the largest springs) an enjoyment which nothing else can afford. The table as sampled by the quartet was pronounced A 1 in every respect, the ride and the bath having created an appetite which required no ordinary amount of edibles to satisfy. Strangers should not labor under the delusion that the vehicle which has been described is the only form of transportation offered from Winchester to Rock Enon. The regular conveyance is a large brake-wagon, to which fleet steppers are attached, and the distance is made in an hour and a half to two hours. The party had decided to employ special vehicles from points on the railroad to the different springs, the plan being to visit two or three and sometimes more places of resort in this way. This decision was the only practicable one for the purpose, as the regular wagons or carriages were always in use for the particular resorts to which they belonged. The "fix," however, was good enough for the Four, and its oddity of make, its antique appearance and its wide seats added to the zest of the ride, making it more of a novelty ;



ROCK ENON.

and when the negro came jogging up to the front of the hotel prepared for a twelve-mile ride over to Capon Springs the party approached it joyfully.

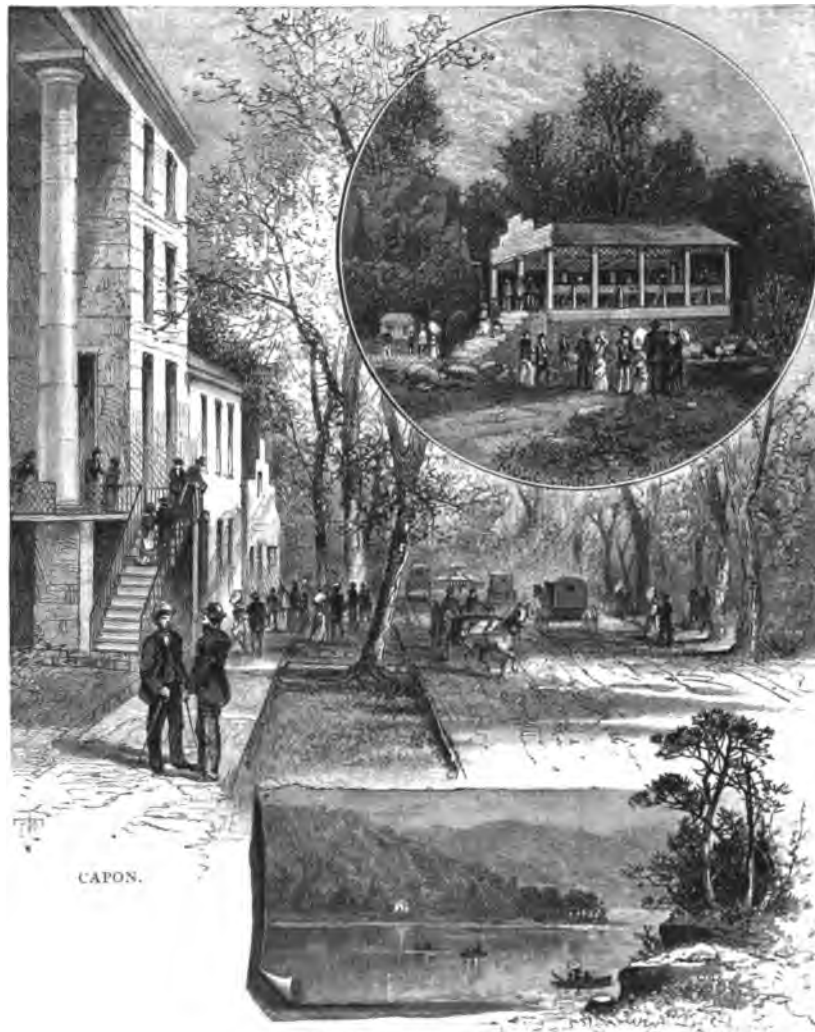
The drive to Capon was a charming one—up-hill and down, to be sure; but, enlivened as it was by the sallies of Ben and the quick repartee of Apple Jack, together with reminiscences of European trips by Yellowstone, and comparisons of the old country with his own, the hours passed on fast-flying wings. The darky by this time was getting quite well acquainted with his fares, and now and then gave a specimen of his musical ability, which was of no mean order. He sang old plantation songs with an earnestness and a purity of tone which was most agreeable; and as it frequently happened that the quartet came in on the chorus the hills fairly rang with the melody. It was a jolly jaunt; and when a sharp turn in the road down the mountain-side revealed the stately front of the main hotel, there was almost a regretful feeling that there were not six or eight miles more to travel. The sun was just setting as the horses trotted up the avenue at Capon, and as the golden rays came streaming down through the ravine in front they lit upon a scene of rare splendor. The resort nestles in a narrow valley, with an opening only by the main roadway which, not far beyond the entrance to the ground, ends at Capon Lake—an exquisite body of water something over a mile long and half that in width. The road from Enon down the mountain, and over which the quartet had come, meets the main roadway in full view of the buildings, and the first sight of the place immediately warms the beholder to it. The hotel, with its pillars, its piazzas and deep windows, stands where its white front best contrasts with the massive forest-clad mountain behind it. As one drives up, the main hotel is to the right, and a line of cottages and bath-houses to the left; just back of these is a romantic



BROOK AND SPRING—ROCK ENON.

little stream following its flexuous course by moss-covered rocks and at times breaking over well-worn boulders which shine brightly in the glowing light. Throughout the entire extent of the broad avenue are august trees, gleaming statuary and rustic bowers, the whole forming a picture of rarest tints. At the head of the valley are clustered music and other pavilions in a picturesque gorge, some of them constructed directly over the brook, while in others one may sit for hours and gaze upon the playful waters as they dance merrily on their way.

Like a schoolboy Yellowstone climbed boulders, jumped from crag to crag, and was soon upon the top of Eagle Rock, from which elevation he beheld a scene not soon to be forgotten. The Blue Ridge on the east and the Alleghanies on the west; and looking down into the valley of the Shenandoah his quick and observant eye detected Winchester; and more than this, he could see Kernstown and Strasburg, as well as other villages, bathed in the effulgent hues of the departing orb. From this eminence Yellowstone came down only to lead the party to other heights, and by sunset and twilight scenes were obtained which rival those far-famed in the countries beyond the sea. Before retiring for the night it was resolved to be up at daybreak—the first thing in order to be a swim in the gentlemen's pool. There is no use of talking, nothing compares with a plunge-bath after a journey, or, for that matter, at any time. The mineral water adds a buoyancy to the bath, and swimmers who choose may take the end where the depth is over their heads, or those who are less brave may sport in the delicious water at almost any depth they desire. The springs at Capon are alkaline, belonging to the class of alkaloid carbonates, the waters of which are alterative, tonic, diuretic and aperient. They are both partaken of and bathed in, the appliances being extensive, and



of such range as to afford every accommodation alike to the invalid and the healthful.

Capon is one of the largest resorts in the Valley, and it is no uncommon thing to entertain during the season as many as six hundred guests. The springs are reached direct from Capon Station on the Valley Branch of the Baltimore and Ohio, fifty miles from Harper's Ferry, thence sixteen miles by stage. The drive is a combination of mountain and valley scenery which cannot but strike the heart of the coldest beholder. While there is more or less of wildness in it, there are no places to create fear on the part of the timid, as the road is well constructed and of unusual width. The "fix" rumbled along solidly over it, and Ben so worked upon the feelings of the driver that the jehu offered to send the outfit back to Winchester and go with the party without any other compensation than his "grub," as he termed it, and Ben's protecting care. The latter, however, made up a little purse that assuaged the grief of the darky upon parting, and Tom evidently felt better when he disappeared from sight, expressing himself as abundantly able to take care of the gentlemen without the assistance of any "low down nigger."

All along the way to Mount Jackson, the next stopping-place of the quartet, seventy-four miles from Harper's Ferry, the road on either side was, during the years of the war, the scene of sharp contests between the opposing armies. In several places earthworks are still standing, but so thickly overgrown with grass and weeds that they are but peaceful reminders of the dreadful past. The telegraph had been employed to insure prompt connection at Mount Jackson for Shenandoah Alum and Orkney Springs, the one eleven miles from the station and the other twelve. This time, instead of a "fix" in waiting,



COMFORTABLY FIXED.

there was a light open carriage with a pair of spanking bays, and a white driver who looked as if he might be proof against Ben's quizzing, but who, as experience proved, fell an easy prey to his wiles. For a change, dinner was taken at the hotel at Mount Jackson, modern in construction and appointments, clean and bright as a new pin, and spreading as appetizing a meal as can be found in many more pretentious places. The valley opens up somewhat in the vicinity of Mount Jackson, and the well-tilled farms and general appearance of prosperity display an energy on the part of the inhabitants betokening the best possible use of the gifts which nature has bestowed upon them. Soon the carriage whirled up the preliminary incline to the mountain, and in half an hour it was winding its way over a road presenting so many picturesque scenes as to quiet even Ben, and cause him to give the driver a little rest. It was not long, however, before several wagons, heavily loaded with tan-bark, were met, and Ben became so interested in the product and its market price as to suggest very extensive business relations with tanneries. The vehicles were of various degrees of age — some drawn by a mule and a horse side by side, another by a genuine old-fashioned jackass, a mule and an old blind horse; but the last one capped the climax, the motive power being furnished by an ox and a cow and a diminutive mule, tandem. The owner of this striking equipage would have delighted a caricaturist, for here was an exact representative of the exaggerated Southerner so frequently cartooned. He wore the traditional broad-brimmed hat, had neither coat nor vest, and his butternut pants were held somewhere in place by a single suspender, which evidently had at one time served as a portion of an ox-goad. The lower portion of his face was covered with a long, tawny, tangled beard, while his eyes shot out their



WHAT'S THE PRICE OF TAN BARK?

sullen rays from beneath eyebrows large and scraggy. Ben had inquired of each man in turn the price of tanbark, and had remonstrated with some of them for selling it too cheap. When the fellow just described came plodding along, Ben propounded to him the stereotyped inquiry, and for an answer was not over-politely requested to seek that resort which is considered to be rather warm all the year round. This rebuff staggered Ben only for a moment, and laughing quietly to himself he remarked, *sotto voce*, that if ever he should be so unfortunate as to be obliged to reside below it would be doubly irksome for him, from the fact that he would have to meet that chap again. As a rule, however, Ben's good-natured inquiries were cheerfully answered; and those who suppose that the picture just drawn of one "pesky critter," as they are so aptly termed in the South, should stand as a fair illustration of the people as a whole, have only to knock about in the Virginia Valley for a few weeks to be effectually cured of any such hallucination. No more generous or hospitable people can be found on God's footstool than are the Virginians; and so far as the war is concerned, very few indeed among them will bring up the subject or discuss any of the questions arising out of it without first being incited to it by the course which not a few Northern men think it incumbent upon them to pursue as soon as they get south of Mason and Dixon's line. Certainly the Virginians suffered enough in loss and depredation without now wasting their time talking about it with men who know nothing of the real situation except from hearsay. Visitors to the different resorts in the Valley of the Virginia will find the same cordial and hearty greeting whether they come from the North or from the South, and, more than this, will enjoy the same opportunity to taste, to its fullest extent, of the invigorating



ON THE WAY TO ORKNEY.

influences of mountain air, of scenery more picturesque than can be found in any section east of the Rocky Mountains, and of a hospitality more genuine than which cannot be found among any people on the face of the globe.

Ten miles of the way toward Shenandoah had been traversed when the carriage halted immediately at the intersection of two roads, where a couple of young girls, hurrying from the inclosure, with pitcher and glasses, afforded the quartet a chance to pucker up their mouths with a good long drink of wholesome alum-water. This was the diverging point to Shenandoah Alum Springs, and a brisk trot of a few moments ended at the comfortable and cozy resort at the base of a spur of the Blue Ridge.

Shenandoah Alum is not a large place, but it is just the sort of spot a man of family feels he would like to have his wife and children summer at. The hotel and cottages front on a lawn, which is so shaded as to afford the coolest of spots for a retreat to while away the day. The provision for the enjoyment of children and the little folks, in the way of croquet and kindred outdoor sports, is all that the fondest of mothers could wish for. There are no particular pretensions to style at Shenandoah, as the aim is to insure comfort and rest without carrying the formalities of the winter over into the summer. It is a home-like resort, and the hundred or more people who avail themselves of its accommodations remain, as a rule, during the hot months, and leave only when it becomes so cool as to require the use of double blankets at night. For health and rest it would be difficult to name a more advantageous locality. The main springs consist of alum, but there are also chalybeate, sulphur, iron and arsenic; and invalids seeking the health-restoring qualities of Nature's own remedies may consult their physician as to



SHENANDOAH ALUM.

whether or not waters of this character are best adapted for their cases. As hitherto stated, no trouble can be experienced by any one in securing the pamphlets of the different resorts, which not only specify the springs, but also give rates for accommodation and other essential details.

From Shenandoah Springs to Orkney is a short ride up a rather steep hill, and down to the foot of it to the Springs. The view from the highest point is a grand one, and those fond of gazing upon a multiplicity of mountain peaks, and of range back of range, with pastoral scenes in the foreground, are loth to leave the point of observation until it is fully revealed. The quartet, turning from the past to what lay before them, looked down upon Orkney with no ordinary manifestations of the impressions which the sight made upon them. The commodious buildings looked charmingly out upon a plateau at the foot of the mountains, with the inviting drives in almost all directions, and a broad boulevard leading up to the main entrance of the hotel.

Orkney is a representative Valley resort, with its long buildings storied up to the roof with broad piazzas, and its outlying cottages and music pavilions all well built and neatly painted, and presenting an aspect of the utmost cleanliness and care. The springs are on the western slope of the mountain, twenty-three hundred feet above the level of the sea. The waters are of a tonic and alterative character. One of the most favored of these springs has afforded remarkable relief in cases of dyspepsia, and others are used as baths and for skin diseases, while throughout the list are to be found specific remedials for the removal of almost any ailment. The atmosphere at such an altitude is necessarily pure, dry and exhilarating, and is of itself calculated to be an effective agent in the



ORKNEY.

restoration of impaired health and vigor. At Orkney one can take up his abode in the hotel, or a party sufficiently numerous may together occupy a row of buildings; and if it consist of a single family all the comforts of home may be found in a cottage. In the height of the season Orkney is somewhat like a little city. There are suitable accommodations for eight hundred guests, and almost no end of pleasure is afforded for their entertainment. The quartet sitting on the lower porch presented a picture of perfect contentment, the presence of toothpicks indicating a repast of a very compensating character. Students of human nature have observed it as nearly, if not quite, the uniform rule, that when a man follows up a meal with a toothpick one may be pretty certain that it has been of a satisfying nature; especially is this so should a man carelessly toy with a toothpick between his lips, for otherwise he may be depended upon to be so vexed, first with the landlord for having victimized him, and next with himself for having become so innocent a victim, as to have no patience left to abstain from crunching the inoffensive splint with a single bite. Applying this canon to the quartet, it was evident that things had gone to their liking in the dining-room at Orkney. The quarters provided for the night left no room for criticism, for not only were they filled with pure, fresh air, but the beds were not strangers to springs, and sheets clean and sweet, and pillows luxurious, and everything else in keeping. The vote next morning was unanimous that Orkney filled the bill in every respect. The return trip to Mount Jackson was as enjoyable as the outward trip, for new beauties were revealed at almost every turn in the road.

Leaving Mount Jackson, a run of seven miles brought the party to New Market, where the battle between Breckinridge at the head of the Confederate forces and Sigel



HE "FOUGHT MIT SIGEL."

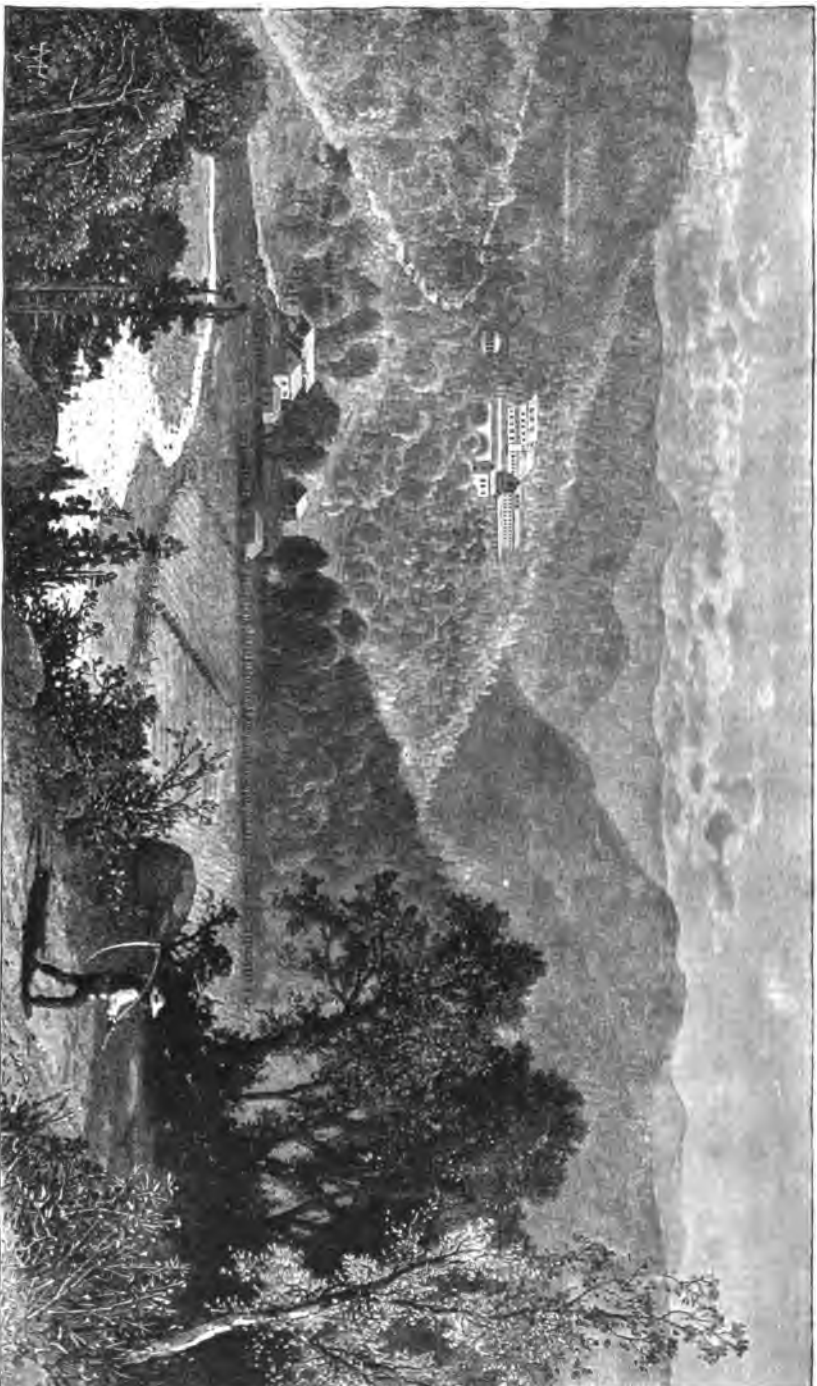
commanding the Federal soldiers was fought. The latter outnumbered the former, but were defeated on account of bad generalship. Of Breckinridge's troops that day were two companies of boys from the Lexington Military Institute, who distinguished themselves very highly on the field of action. Sigel retreated down the valley, but Breckinridge did not pursue him, being content with having forced the men who "fought mit Sigel" to get out of his immediate way. Nineteen miles farther south and Harrisonburg was reached, and other memories of the war were revived. When Stonewall Jackson captured Winchester, in 1862, he found that Fremont was trying to intercept his retreat at Strasburg. He immediately gave orders to fall back, and succeeded in passing Strasburg before Fremont's advance guard arrived, and made his way without molestation to Harrisonburg. Upon arrival he left the main pike and struck to the left toward Port Republic, where the Confederate General Ashby, a few days subsequently, was killed in repelling a charge of the famous Pennsylvania "Bucktails." The battle of Cross Keys, in June 1862, was fought eight miles from Harrisonburg, and was one of the fiercest of the war. Fremont was rapidly pursuing Jackson up the valley while Shields was pushing on through the Luray Valley to intercept Jackson at Front Royal. Jackson found himself in one of the worst situations possible, having an army in front, one in the rear, and the river between. On the 8th of June Fremont attacked Jackson at Cross Keys, the battle raging through the entire day. The latter, who had the best of it, determined to retain his advantage, and under cover of night crossed over and burned the bridge at Port Republic, and on the 9th suddenly fell upon Shields. Fremont was on the other side of the river, and had to look on and see Shields again routed without being able to render him



APPROACHING RAWLEY.

any assistance. Jackson followed Shields through Page Valley, and Fremont moved his forces down the Shenandoah, fearful that he would be intercepted by Jackson, who, after resting two days, moved his corps to Richmond, arriving in time to participate in the Seven Days' fight.

Rawley Springs is but eleven miles distant from Harrisonburg, and a fine outfit being in waiting, no time was lost in moving from the car to the carriage. It would be difficult to conceive of a more enjoyable ride than was that to Rawley. The road is like a race-track the entire distance. The eleven miles were covered easily in a little over an hour, and the first view of Rawley fairly made Yellowstone hold his breath. Contrary to the rule followed at most of the resorts, the buildings at Rawley Springs are not located upon a level at the foot of the range, but are set in the mountain gorge, and the beholder might easily imagine himself in Switzerland. The architecture, also, is such as to favor the illusion, the Rawley hotel in fact being a Swiss chalet, although, perhaps, somewhat large. Up between two grand mountains the ascent, brisk as it is, is hardly noticed, the inspiration of the scene precluding any physical discomfort in attaining it. The buildings are joined by covered passage-ways, and the great trees growing unrestricted through the roomy piazzas casting so dense a shade that at no hour during the day can the sun penetrate to their innermost recesses. Some, at the first thought, might think that this exuberance of foliage would create a dampness, but a moment's pause to consider the elevation and the purity of the atmosphere would speedily dispel the fallacy. As a matter of course, the entire place is not so sheltered as to deprive it of sunlight; but the all-desirable thing in a summer resort is shade, and the builders at Rawley, in sparing the noble trees by building around them, not only rendered the porches delectable on a hot



RAWLEY.

day, but at the same time gave the place a picturesque effect they doubtless never dreamed of. Between the hotel building on the steep side of one of the mountains and one immediately adjacent to the left there is a ravine, which has not only the charms of a mountain stream, but within its narrow depths the vision falls upon a succession of rock, water and forest effect not easily described. A resort so located, with such advantages of shade and of air, cannot be otherwise than a salubrious home for the summer. And it well deserves the name of home, for it is kept in the real old Virginia style: an abundance of everything good in the old-fashioned, appetizing manner—the variety of meats, vegetable produce, fruits, and all that sort of thing, limited only by the capacity of the guests to consume them. There is no stint in accommodations, as there is plenty of room afforded for eight hundred persons. While there are balls and receptions, and so on to the fullest extent of the programme usually provided at summer resorts, there is but little attempt at style, the prevailing rule appearing to be enjoyment in any and every way as best suits the people who come.

It was the good fortune of the quartet to meet at the Springs a Baltimore lady and her two daughters, whom to know was to obtain a fresh insight into the pleasures of companionship. The mother, a Baltimore belle from her girlhood, proved how secure a foundation have the claims of the Monumental City to the beauty and the culture and the refinement of its women. The elder daughter was in the full realization of perfect womanhood—bright of eye, charming of manner and rare of speech; the younger just budding into the stateliness of beauty and winsome ways which within a very few years will set many a man's heart a-beating to the old, old tune. With this trio of comely women the quartet became individually and collectively

new men. The carelessness of every-day association with each other gave way to a pride in appearances which indicated that a soft place in heart or head had been touched, and no jaunt was too fatiguing or trip to favored spot too exacting for them to make at the slightest wish on the part of their fair enslavers. Accordingly the four gallants with the three ladies strolled up "lovers' walk," and when the top was reached it is still a matter of conjecture with the quartet as to which was the most enjoyed, the feminine loveliness, which was enhanced by the climb in the bracing atmosphere, or the natural beauty so exquisite in the sunset. All summer resorts have lovers' walks, and if they have a promontory ten feet high it is almost invariably known as lovers' leap. The trip to the lovers' walk at Rawley is wonderfully attractive, and accompanied as it is by a slight semblance of danger, the boys like it none the less; and the frequency with which the girls accept invitations to be helped up indicates that little thrilling episodes are not by any means objectionable. It is an alpine scramble, with the distance to the valley below constantly growing greater; and when the climax bursts upon the vision the man in the iron mask, who tradition has it never spoke a word, would at the sight have broken forth as volubly as the most susceptible of school-girls. Notwithstanding the fact that the highest point of lovers' walk at Rawley commands a view down the precipice which is appalling in its abruptness and depth, it is not, strange to relate, known as a lovers' leap, but instead is sensibly proclaimed as the idiotic jump. As greatly as Yellowstone was impressed with his fair companion, the mother, and as keenly desirous of securing favor in the eyes of the younger daughter as was Apple Jack, it is certain that neither of them could have been tempted to make the leap at Rawley, or at any other place not half so precipitous. The view is best

expressed in the one word sublime. It extends for mile upon mile, springing as it were from mountain ridge to mountain ridge, until the last is lost in the clouds. In the immediate foreground is seen a dainty bit of valley, through which meanders a tiny stream; tall mountains to the left, and more mountains in shadowy outline to the right. Straight in front, looking over the dizzy height, the roadway to the hotel is marked clear and distinct, its curves growing shorter with the ascent. Turning almost full around, there stands the hotel, in its picturesqueness partaking of a grandeur far in excess of the original material of its construction. After dinner the quartet and the ladies made the pilgrimage to the top to view the scene in the full flood of the sun's zenith. Again, just before supper, went the coterie up that same path to drink in charms by the glorious red light of sunset. For the third time these insatiate devourers of the beautiful trod the tortuous way to sit fascinated by the scene bathed in the silvery sheen of the moon. It was a night without a blemish, her lunar majesty sitting supreme in the heavens, and not a single cloud to dispute her sway or detract one iota from the bliss which she was so generously bestowing upon mortals.

The springs at Rawley, within a step of the hotel, are of a varied character. The waters are chalybeate, and their tonic properties are due, in a great measure, to the large proportion of iron in them, which of all metals is considered to be the most compatible with the human organism, producing the greatest beneficial results in diseases of anæmia or debility. For years many of the best known sportsmen in Virginia have made Rawley their camping-ground during the summer while fishing along the streams, and in the fall in hunting in the mountains. Large game abounds, and those who have a desire for close companionship with bear, deer and elk may here be accommodated.

The fair dame and her daughters from Baltimore were spending the season at White Sulphur Springs, having run down to Rawley for a short visit with friends stopping there. The impressions resulting from the acquaintance appeared to be mutual, the ladies readily accepting the invitation of the quartet to make the ride back to Harrisonburg together. An extra carriage was secured and the party started off in high spirits. Between the younger daughter and Apple Jack there was developed a feeling which bid fair to merge at some future time into the tender passion; Ben, it is to be feared, permitted pangs of regret to fill his bosom that he was not in a position to cherish a closer acquaintance with the elder daughter; while Yellowstone and the mother got on amazingly well. There was much in accord in their inspirations and cultured sympathies. The lady was not only an excellent talker but a capital listener. Yellowstone combined these two high qualities to perfection, and the twain became so much occupied with each other that the Fairy was rather left out in the cold.

At Harrisonburg the ladies were regretfully bid adieu and the special took its way southward. Every foot of the line to Staunton was rendered historic during the war, the pike near by having been fiercely contested time and time again by the opposing forces. Between Harrisonburg and Staunton, twelve miles from the former place, the station for Weyer's Cave was reached. The cave, fourteen miles distant by stage, is one of striking extent, and its different chambers present startling fantasies of formation. The new hotel completed last season affords every facility for the entertainment of visitors. Staunton, from its commercial importance, is the leading city of the Valley. It is a favorite with tourists, being situated on an elevated position at the head of the Shenandoah Valley,

with the Blue Ridge on the east and extending around to the west to a range of the Alleghanies. Several noted educational institutions are located at Staunton, and it is a center of unusual interest. The B. and O. Railroad Company, in extending its line from Staunton to Lexington, will offer the shortest and by all means the most advantageous line to the famous Natural Bridge of Virginia. Running in close vicinity to this remarkable freak of nature, and bringing it within much easier access than ever, it will no doubt induce largely increased travel.

At Lexington is the Virginia Military Institute and the Washington Lee University, of which General Robert E. Lee was president, and in the chapel basement of which the great military chieftain, his wife and his daughter are buried. The remains of Stonewall Jackson are also entombed at Lexington. This extension of the Baltimore and Ohio, now under rapid construction, will doubtless be pushed on to direct connection with the extensive railway systems farther south. Meantime it will enable visitors to Valley resorts to reach them more directly. Of these, Rockbridge Baths, Rockbridge Alum Springs and Jordan Alum Springs are the largest and best known—the two last named distant from Lexington but eight miles.

The Stribling Springs are thirteen miles from Staunton, reached by stage over an excellent road and through a country replete with attractive features. The waters of the different springs are alum, sulphur and chalybeate.

There was in the arrival of the quartet at Staunton a special pleasure not embraced within the city's varied offerings of scenery, business activity or educational interests. Two of the party blessed with partners of whom they never tire, notwithstanding many years of conjugal relationship, expected there such wifely welcome as might for the moment render miserable and forlorn the two



HULLO THERE!

luckless members for whom no such happiness was in store. The letters descriptive of the trip, which had from time to time reached the feminine "treasures," had by degrees aroused their curiosity—which attribute has in all ages been generously vouchsafed to womankind; and the conferences of the two, held for the purpose of taking action thereon, quickly resulted as was to be expected. To indulge in an entirely original expression, they came, they saw, they conquered—not only their worse halves, but Ben and Apple Jack, and, let it not fail to be recorded, Tom as well. The whites of his happy eyes sparkled in stronger contrast than ever with their ebony pupils, and were matched only by glistening rows of teeth exhibited so far back as to make one wonder if the process of closing them was not necessarily by sections. A Chesterfield in black, Tom's attentions were so well timed and so complete that the ladies were "at home" at once, and the car took on a new beauty and brightness. The feminine Yellowstone, trim of figure, graceful in action and in repose; apt, clear-headed, and quick as a flash in repartee, her voice was a charm none could withstand: used so deftly in conversation and so musically in song, there was no end to the demands upon it. Herself an artist of rare excellence, her pictures had been admired at many exhibitions and her name honored in circles where only talent can enter. Sensible and practical as was Mrs. Y., she had been touched to a considerable extent by the æsthetic craze, and her "too toos," "too transcendently all buts," and similar "utter"-ances, added piquancy to her talk and manner. To her æsthetic eye everything had something lily-like about it, and the more difficult this happened to be for others to perceive or imagine, the more extravagant her expressions. The Fairy's helpmeet was an interesting little body, girlish in form, with a merry eye, and face lit



THE ÆSTHETE.*

up by an animation that betokened at once beauty, intelligence and refinement. Powers of speech never failing upon any subject, she was indeed a fairy with wand most potent. Contrasted with her Falstaffian lord, the paradoxical appellative by which he was known among men became more absurd than ever. The fairy in truth was one of the best-natured and jolliest of women, and as Yellowstone's wife was not a whit behind her in this respect, it may be imagined what buoyancy and increased opportunities for enjoyment were imparted by the presence of these two heart-idols.

By the further courtesy of railroad officials the special train was taken on beyond Staunton, and the first stop was made at Millboro Station. On the way a short time was spent at Goshen, thirty-two miles from Staunton, where is erected an inviting hotel named after the town, and where not a few people annually spend the summer. The Cold Sulphur Springs are two miles from Goshen, the close proximity of the railroad leading many business men to prefer it, owing to the little time consumed in running over from the train. It is a cheerful place, with accommodations for a hundred or more. The waters are a light tonic adapted to delicate constitutions, and are especially applicable for dyspepsia, liver and kidney complaints. The majority of visitors to the Rockbridge Baths, Rockbridge Alum and Jordan Alum Springs leave the train at Goshen, and to the first-named resort drive eleven miles over one of the prettiest routes imaginable. It is mainly a valley road, one of the most impressive features of which is the passage through Goshen Pass and along the river bank, both famous for their scenery.

But the quartet had planned a tour to several resorts by wagon, making the start from the next station, Millboro, and the visit to Rockbridge Baths was included.



THE FAIRY IN TRUTH.

For the same reason Rockbridge Alum and Jordan Alum Springs were not visited from Goshen, from which point, however, the regular stage line runs to these places, eight miles from the railroad depot. The party had heard so much of the wild and rough ride over the mountains from Millboro to Rockbridge Alum that it was determined to go that way, spending the night at the springs and returning to the car the next day in time to set out on the tour.

At Millboro the special was side-tracked and preparations speedily made for the jaunt over the Blue Ridge. The ladies, who had had no experience as yet in following a tortuous road up rocky inclines and around dizzy precipices, were so eager to get started as to render Ben quite uneasy for fear things would be forgotten, to the discomfort of the feminine portion of the party. The strapping fellow had taken a violent fancy to the æsthetically inclined Mrs. Y.; and while he never before could see any very ravishing beauty in a sunflower, and had been decidedly disinclined to stand more than four hours at a stretch gazing at the petals of a lily, he assumed a fondness for things that made the practical members of the quartet smile visibly. Yellowstone, not to be outdone in gallantry, demonstrated a warm side for the Fairy's agile consort, and as the two were light of foot, quick of action, and with no more conception of possible danger than if they had wings, skipped about in a manner that was harassing to each one's lawful mate. The remaining members of the sextet were compelled to find solace in unison, and were surprised to find how much of enjoyment could be obtained where congeniality was so unmistakably the all-governing genius. For the Fairy, at least, this fortuitous companionship with the robust and dauntless youth proved to be very advantageous, subsequent events leading to the fullest appreciation on the part of



GRIST.

the fat man of the services of a helping hand to surmount obstacles where big feet and bigger paunch were not of the slightest avail.

There is a cozy hotel at Millboro. Its shady porches, luxuriant garden and pure atmosphere render it an attractive place almost all the year round. It is not without its springs, as there are several near by, and quite different in chemical constituents. One is chalybeate, another is alkaline, and others are sulphur, and according to medical authority are of pronounced curative qualities. While the party was inspecting Millboro House a comfortable, well-built mountain wagon drove up, and within its interior was found an abundance of space for all. The team attached was a powerful one, and the driver a master of his profession. The strength of the horses and the dexterity of the reinsman were destined to be called into active play before Rockbridge Alum was reached. Almost from the start it was a climb, and as the way pressed onward the surroundings became wilder and wilder, and soon the actual ascent of a very narrow road over a formidable ridge was begun. This caused the ladies to grow less talkative, for besides the extent of country to be seen from the vehicle it was now on the verge of a sheer precipice, and along this the path led. The situation was one calculated to shake stronger nerves. Ben sat on the front seat with the driver, and as he had once in his life gone over a bank in a carriage, to the serious detriment of the bones in one of his legs, he did not covet a repetition of the experience. But there was in reality little or no danger, as the road, though rough, and not much used, was safe enough for a careful driver to make his way over it without trouble. The pace was necessarily slow, and as night came on rapidly the ladies did not appear to view matters with the same gusto as when the start was made. It was dark when the top of



ROCKBRIDGE ALUM.

the mountain was attained, and the drive down the other side was considerably faster; the elevation above the valley, the sharp turns in the road, and the succession of rather frightful glimpses down abrupt declines, were not particularly tranquilizing. Still, as all things come to an end, so did the trip to Rockbridge Alum, and the reception which was accorded on arrival was hearty and genial, and effectually drove away all remembrance of terror.

Rockbridge Alum is spacious in its lay-out, nearly the whole of the valley in which it is situated being occupied by the principal buildings, cottages, bath-houses, and the like. The view from the portico of the hotel is one which makes the guest content to remain. An almost unlimited number of spots may readily be found where the sun upon the hottest days of the year cannot penetrate, and where the air is always cool and invigorating. Little suffering is ever experienced from the heat at Rockbridge Alum; the nights are invariably cool enough to require blankets, and except in midsummer fires are in frequent demand both evening and morning.

Immediately adjoining Rockbridge Alum is Jordan Alum. Both of these well-known resorts were a year or two since consolidated. The hotel at Jordan Alum is on the brow of a symmetrical hill, with a high mountain behind, and from this eminence a panorama many miles in extent may be brought within the range of vision. The water from the springs at Rockbridge as well as Jordan has long been popular in the markets of the country, as it is shipped in large quantities to the leading cities. There can be no question about its being largely impregnated with alum, for after drinking a quantity of it one finds no difficulty in whistling. It draws up the mouth and lips after a fashion that should render happy those poor unfortunate creatures who are blessed with countenances



JORDAN ALUM.

sufficiently open to tickle the risibles of their humorous friends. The medicinal value of the springs is beyond estimate; they are simply unrivaled in the cure of scrofulous complaints, dyspepsia, and disordered secretions in general. The accommodations at these combined resorts are on a liberal scale, and as many as a thousand people can be entertained at one time. The host very kindly gave the party rooms opening off the parlor, in which were a grand piano, a guitar and a violin. These additional facilities for enjoyment were seized without ceremony, and with Mrs. Yellowstone at the piano, the Fairy's wife at the guitar, and Apple Jack at the fiddle, with Ben, Yellowstone and the Fairy to join in the chorus, there was music in the air at Rockbridge that night, and no mistake.

The team was brought around bright and early next morning for the return trip over the same road that the sextet had traveled the evening before with such mingled emotions. Having become somewhat acquainted with it, and discounting in advance the rough places, the ladies particularly were in better shape to enjoy the ride, and all were united in declaring that the charm of its wildness much more than offset the discomforts which had been endured in mind and body. In the matter of distance this is the shorter line to Rockbridge as compared with that from Goshen, as the former is five miles, and the latter eight. But the trip from Goshen can be made in quicker time than can that by the shorter road, and those who are at all timid or who are disposed to be luxurious in bodily comforts would fare better by going that way. On the other hand, those who have a fondness for something out of the usual run, have a taste for adventure and a keen enjoyment of the picturesque, should go to Millboro and make the mountain trip from there.

Tom, pursuant to instructions, had an early dinner pre-



MILLBORO.

pared upon the arrival of the party at Millboro. Fresh steeds had been ordered, and about noon, on as glorious a day as ever was vouchsafed to mankind, the departure was made for a grand tour of the five resorts embraced within a circuit of the drive from Millboro to Covington on the railroad, directions having been given Tom to have the car taken to that point. The route lay in an almost opposite direction from that taken to Rockbridge. Two miles from the station a brief visit was made at Millboro Springs, which is pleasantly located upon a high plateau not far distant from a swiftly-flowing river. The usual variety of springs was found there—sulphur, alum and chalybeate. These, being of different strength and properties, are declared to be of pronounced benefit for the pains and impediments they are intended to alleviate or to remove. The hotel building fronts upon the stage road, and is sheltered by rows of trees of sturdy growth. It is an airy spot, and is in close proximity to the railroad, which to a number of persons is a desirable feature. Pushing on from Millboro Springs the road soon took a decided curve, and there was disclosed a lengthy expanse of valley rising by gentle slopes from the banks of a little river of clear and scintillating waters. The drive thence for a mile or more was very enjoyable, and was a fit preparation for the initial glimpse of Wallawhatoola Springs, three miles from Millboro Station. As the road draws near, the stream expands and assumes, directly in front of Wallawhatoola, such proportions and beauty that it rivals many of the lakes made famous by noted writers. The face of the river is as smooth as burnished silver, and its depths are so pure that they show to the minutest details the exquisite incrustations of moss at the bottom. A suspension-bridge spans this body of water. It is both light and graceful, and of a width to accommodate only



WALLAWHATOOLA.

pedestrians. As the road leads directly to the bank on the opposite side from the hotel, all visitors are introduced to the picture before reaching the house. Wallawhatoola is not an extensive resort, having accommodations perhaps for not more than one hundred; but for a summer home with surroundings that are sources of perfect rest and recuperation, with opportunities for mountain climbing, for boating and for pleasure of almost every description, it has indeed few equals. The springs gush forth from rocky caverns on the same side of the river that the road follows, and this accounts for the building of the bridge for the use of those who visit them from the hotel. Vehicles of every description ford the river, as the bed is gravel and quite solid. The stay here was cut somewhat short, owing to the programme of the day calling for an hour or so at Bath Alum Springs, two miles distant, and spending the night at Warm Springs, fifteen miles in all from Millboro Station. The drive from Wallawhatoola to Bath Alum was of short duration, the road smooth and mostly level, and affording a capital opportunity to demonstrate the trotting qualities of the horses.

Bath Alum is upon the stage road, and has a number of spacious buildings on the right-hand side and a park on the left. It is an old and popular retreat. The hotel and cottages are of brick, and are built in a substantial manner. The mountains in which the springs are located are some distance back from the buildings, but the walk is a pleasing one, and the mineral qualities of the water are so strongly marked that one is well repaid the little exertion of reaching them. The alum waters are the chief feature here, but there are in addition chalybeate springs of different strength and an iron spring of some celebrity. During the season it is quite gay at Bath Alum, for besides the equipages of guests all the travel to Warm



BATH ALUM.

Springs and beyond is by the road which passes, as before remarked, in front of the hotel and cottages. Leaving Bath Alum, for a short distance the line retains its level character and then commences the ascent of Warm Spring Mountain. Those who have become familiar with the roadways diverging from the Virginia Valley are enthusiastic regarding the drive from Bath Alum to Warm Springs, many of whom declare that it has no equal in the country, while others acknowledge that it has no superior. Among the latter may truly be included the sextet, the male as well as the female portion. The incline, from the very moment the road leaves the valley, is sharp and decisive, but the nearer the summit is approached, the more remarkable the view becomes. Half way up, the observer, thrilling with the emotions which the rich and varied landscape produces, breaks out exultingly with the declaration that nothing can equal it. On, and slowly on, the horses go, the traces stretched to their utmost and the animals puffing from continuous effort. The strong and symmetrical pines which tower from the edge of the road are aggravating in their density, intercepting as they do the range of vision to such an extent that one instinctively longs for an ax that he might set to work and fell them. Nevertheless they serve a useful purpose, for so majestic and vast is the scene over which the eye roams at will, that the mind would be subjected to too great a strain if the view were without a break. At the top a halt was made, and the party sprang to the ground in order to seek, if possible, some greater elevation that would enable them to satiate themselves with the landscape. Yellowstone, turning away, as if by accident, from the retrospect that he was enjoying of the country which had just been traversed, excitedly demanded that



FROM WARM SPRING MOUNTAIN.

the others should about-face in order to realize that which was yet to come.

Such a spot on the summit of Warm Spring Mountain is, to mortals, a provocation on the part of Dame Nature amounting almost to irritation. The ever-changing panorama witnessed during the entire trip up the mountain and culminating in such magnificence is of itself sufficiently inspiring, but when, in addition to this, one is treated to such a sight as that of Warm Spring Valley the mind of man is too small to fully appreciate it. The sun was just setting at the moment when the party stood looking up the valley. The river, a thousand feet or more below, appeared like a thread of crystal, and the white cluster of buildings at Warm Springs in the distance was toned by the mellow rays of the sunset to a most delicate pink. Back of these arose a forest-covered ridge of mountains, others again extending line upon line as far as the eye could reach. Up the valley the vision, falling upon the crimson disk of the sinking sphere, was startled by the distinctness and boldness with which the peaks, behind which Old Sol seeks his rest, stand out from the surroundings, their forms by comparison becoming gigantic in proportions. Darkness came on so suddenly that the drive down to the hotel was made in quick time, and the reception by the landlord there was one which might well be remembered as that of a typical Virginia host. Tall, with hair of snowy whiteness, a well-trimmed beard, a frank and generous face, and a bearing courtly as that of any lord, with the grasp of his hand and the genial smile, no one could doubt the hearty character of the welcome. Warm Springs Hotel is famed for the excellence of its cooking, its choice service, and the efficiency and politeness of its attendants. It is a large, roomy house, with lengthy verandas fronted by graceful columns and over-



A VIRGINIA LANDLORD.

shadowed by trees, the time when they were saplings not being known to memory. The warm springs from which the resort takes its name are numerous, and the flow is copious and inexhaustible. There are swimming-pools for gentlemen, for ladies, and for children, and a large number of private bath-houses. The temperature of the water as it flows from earth's own basins is 98° Fahrenheit, and is so vast in supply that the two main swimming-pools are estimated to receive six thousand gallons of fresh water per minute. The mineral constituents are of such strength as to cause it to be highly beneficial, but a due appreciation of its grateful effects upon the system can be realized only by experience. The water is used internally as well as externally, and is beyond question a most favorable remedial agent in rheumatism, gout and torpidity of the liver, with their attendant evils in the way of indigestion, constipation, and paralysis.

The sight from Warm Spring Mountain is alone a sufficient attraction for a month's visit, but the scenes as witnessed from adjacent ridges and from the high points on every side leave nothing that the most exacting could demand. The accommodations at the hotel and surrounding cottages are ample for three hundred people, and during the summer there is not often much space unoccupied. The hunting is particularly fine, as also is the fishing, and arrangements are readily made by visitors to carry out their fondness for sport to almost any extent. The sextet had capital opportunities for testing the claims of this resort in the culinary line, and freely acknowledged the fact that they are based upon truth.

The departure was made in good season the following morning, and the drive to Hot Springs proved another link in the chain of surprises. In the midst of so many scenes that are always difficult to transfer to paper, and in such



WARM SPRINGS.

a climate, with a party so congenial, it was by no means the easiest thing in the world to restrain one's feelings and be chary of the use of adjectives. The embarrassment of confining language to every-day usage can be understood only by those who have been similarly circumstanced. The æsthetic Mrs. Yellowstone had to give up after the second day and frankly confess that the apostle of æstheticism himself would in the mountains of Virginia be put to it to coin new phrases.

Two hours' ride brought the party to Hot Springs, twenty miles from Millboro Station, or nineteen miles from Covington. Here again the Fairy found a resort so different in its general location and its attractions as to puzzle him to find new words to tell of them. The ladies, upon finding that the natural temperature of the water was higher than that at the springs which they had just left, and which led to the one being called Warm Springs and the other Hot Springs, became desirous of testing the comparative heat. Under the care of a colored servant, who looked as if she might have served Washington, they crossed the lawn to the ladies' plunge. The gentlemen, who had made it a rule to indulge in a swim at each of the resorts where there was a pool, were nothing loth to accept the kind invitation of the proprietor and go with him to the gentlemen's bath. It was a hot one, sure enough, and Apple Jack, who was the first to divest himself of his clothing and take a header, came scrambling out of the water about as lively as his nimble legs and supple arms would permit. The natural temperature is 110° Fahrenheit, but as there are numerous cold springs it can be graduated as desired. Say what scientists will upon the question of artificially-heated mineral waters being as efficacious as those that are tempered by Nature herself, the fact will still remain that aside from medicinal con-



HOT SPRINGS.

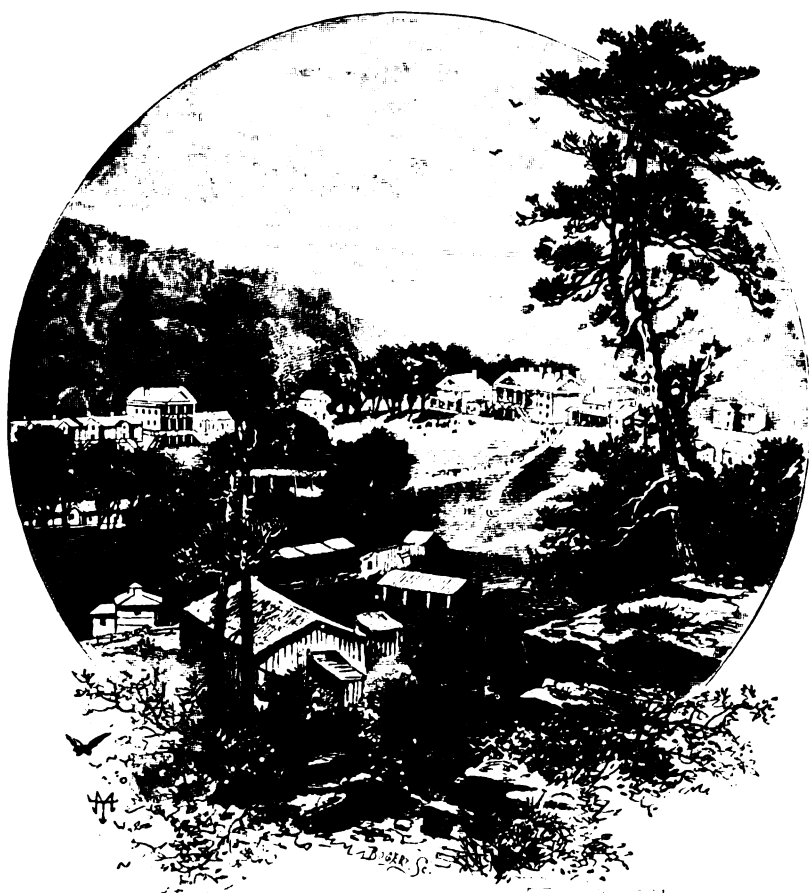
siderations no heat that can be produced by ingenuity of man will approach the naturally-heated water for a pleasure-bath; and all the cosmetics ever compounded by cunning hand cannot compare, for the skin, with mineral water of a temperature from 90° to 100°. There is a probability that the bather will be inclined to remain in too long unless cautioned. The buildings at Hot Springs are of modern erection, an extensive fire six or seven years ago necessitating a heavy expense in the work of restoration. The liberality and the enterprise of the men who invested their money here are everywhere apparent. The location is a charming one, in a little pocket in the mountains; the gorges separating them acting as channels for the constant play of cool, fresh air. The aspect from either hotel or cottage is so varied and so animated that the opportunities for special studies are almost endless. From three hundred and fifty to four hundred guests can be provided for quite comfortably. Visitors to this place who might fancy a change of scene en route should take the stage from Millboro on the outward journey, and on the return trip go to the railroad by stage to Covington. This will enable them to make exactly the circuit gone over by the sextet. Four miles from Hot Springs is Healing Springs, and thence to Covington is sixteen miles. Between Hot Springs and Healing Springs the stranger is more or less likely to become confused; the fact, however, is that the difference in the waters of these three resorts consists mainly in the temperature. As has already been stated, that at Warm Springs is 98°; at Hot Springs it runs as high as 110°, and at Healing Springs it ranges from 85° to 88°, and the supply here also is practically inexhaustible. Bright and crystalline the ever-bursting bubbles of gas escape and float in sparkling myriads upon its surface. Ben declared that a bath in champagne could not be more



TOLL.

exhilarating, but as none of the party had ever run the slightest risk of immersion in that choice product there was no contradicting the assertion.

The proprietor at Healing Springs, a son of the noble old gentleman at Warm Springs, showed his lineage in his face, and his training was gracefully exemplified in his deportment. His invitation to dinner was quickly accepted in the same spirit in which it was tendered, but more than one-half of the sextet decreed that a plunge should be taken before the meal, which was the order of things forthwith, as the rule rigidly enforced was that the majority should govern the minority throughout the trip. After the experience in the warm and hot baths just visited, the cooler temperature of the pool at Healing Springs was decidedly refreshing, and it was not until after repeated knocking at the ladies' pool that the feminine portion of the party could be induced to leave it and proceed to dine. The springs are located on two gently undulating banks of a romantic streamlet which pursues its babbling course through the entire grounds. For weak persons, or those who do not care to tire themselves in running down and up hill, a foot-bridge was thrown across, the rustic construction of which adds to the generally picturesque effect of the vicinity. The cottages are more pretentious in appearance than those found at the average resort, the larger number of them having roomy galleries from which may be obtained views of the tastefully laid out lawns and of the mountains which encircle them. There is here almost every conceivable form of bath — hot, cold, plunge, and so on, to the end of a variety which is limited only by the genius of man to devise them. The water is largely impregnated with lime, magnesia and iron, with strong traces of several other minerals. It is good for almost all ailments to which man is subject. Ladies, particularly,



HEALING SPRINGS.



patronize it, owing to its direct influence in clearing and beautifying their complexions. Chemical analyses demonstrate these waters to be almost identical with those of the Schlagenbad and Ems in Germany.

Following the ravine from the springs it leads to many wild sections, and bold climbers who have the nerve to surmount the difficulties attendant upon reaching the topmost points of mountain gorges grow most fervid over the grandeur of the scene on all sides. The hunting is particularly good. Apple Jack, in tramping about, scared up three or four flocks of quail almost within the grounds, and early that morning there had been a series of exciting tussles between wild and tame turkey gobblers carried on in full view of those sitting upon the piazza of the hotel. The game is but rarely disturbed, and among all the possessions at the springs there could not be found shot-gun or rifle. Up in the mountains, where but few ever penetrate, there are bear and deer, and the hunting parties who visit there invariably return with an excellent showing. The pleasantest mode of hunting is on horseback, and as there are plenty of animals trained to mountain climbing, those who find enjoyment in such pastimes will discover that opportunities are not lacking to indulge in them. There is also excellent fishing in the many brooks near by, and the trout (almost strangers to the form of man) fall ready victims to his prowess.

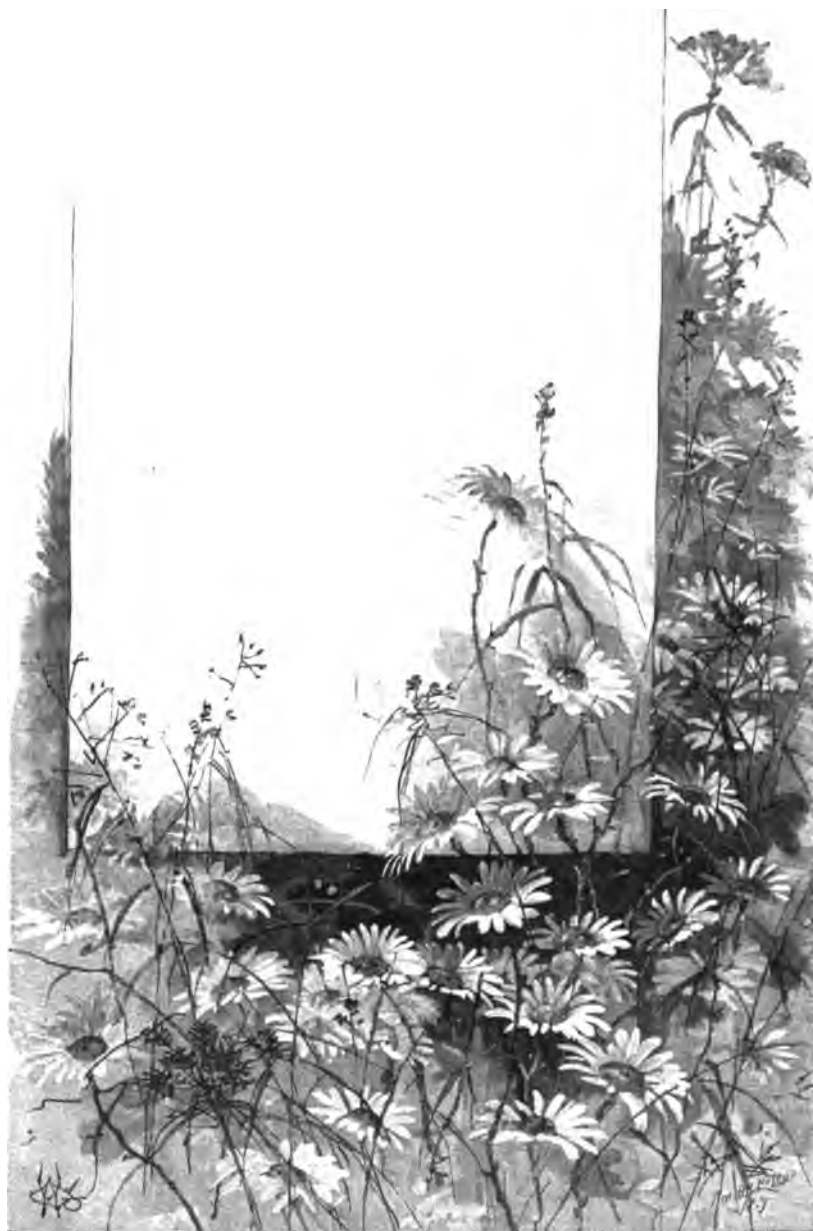
Diverging from Healing Springs the road leads through a fine tract of country, now stretching for a mile or two through a valley and now wending its way up a sharp acclivity and presenting vistas to the beholder that were apparently without limit. The last five miles of the drive were spent in ascending Mount Jackson and in descending upon the opposite side to Covington Station.

Just before commencing the upward journey there was



SOMEWHAT DAMP.

a curve, and around it the carriage rattled merrily ; then a longer one ; and at a point about midway was observed a picture the equal of which can scarcely be found anywhere upon the continent—the Falling Springs. Their name, however, conveys but an inadequate conception of their true character. From the turn referred to the land runs to the right a short distance and then stops abruptly at a sheer precipice. The road leaving the curve strikes another which borders upon a dark ravine until the mountain incline is commenced at the far end. Where the view is grandest there is another almost perpendicular descent to the bottom of the mighty gorge filled with enormous masses of rock, and upon which falls the spring-water from its height more than two hundred feet above. The line marking the length of the falls was a thousand to fifteen hundred feet ; and while at some points the water plunged over in huge torrents, in other places it fell in thin sheets, and just before reaching the bottom broke into an iridescent curtain of spray, producing exquisite prismatic effects. To contemplate the falls from the road is a princely privilege, but the sextet remained only a few moments to enjoy it, and then one and all went scrambling down the side of the gorge and over the rocks below. So indiscriminately and thickly had the bowlders fallen and the water for many years washed over them, and so long had the moss carpeted almost every spot where it could find root, that to obtain good vantage-ground was not an easy matter ; but at the same time the thrilling excitement of the situation made one almost unmindful of wet feet, soiled clothes, or a generally saturated condition. Looking upward, the view was transporting. Yellowstone, well-nigh beside himself with artistic emotions, unhesitatingly pronounced the falls infinitely more beautiful than any he had ever looked upon. The sight, though less majestic, was incomparably



MOUNTAIN SWEETS.

more fascinating to the senses than the mighty Niagara; and while he could think of no locality that could do it justice by comparison, it yet reminded him of some one of the celebrated falls which he remembered having seen while in Europe. Nothing could be more lovely than the sight of that serrated, moss-covered wall beautified by the gossamer-like veil of falling water. Everything was clothed with the same exuberant raiment of radiant, changeable green. It was a place where one could spend hours and realize in them only moments. The party viewed at one instant five rainbows in different portions of these remarkable falls; and to tell of all the alluring forms taken by the water in its downward leap, or of the cascades and pools it subsequently formed, would require hours of writing and page after page of type. Even were this attempted, it is exceedingly doubtful if the most gifted descriptive writer could do justice to the subject. This is not intended as an ordinary figure of speech, but as an absolute conviction.

The falls unquestionably received the name of Falling Springs from the fact that the supply of water is not from any stream, neither is it visible to the naked eye in appreciable quantity from its source on the ledge above. This ledge for some distance is a marsh thickly covered with luxuriant undergrowth, and Apple Jack's investigation of it came near resulting disastrously. Two or three times he sank to his waist where the footing appeared to be reasonably sure, and once his temerity was so great that he actually ventured out upon an immense rock, the bed of which was so undermined by water as to tremble with his weight. The explorations of the entire party were attended with more or less discomfort and danger, as the time to take in the situation was comparatively brief, and the determination was to do it all, if possible, before dark. Perhaps no spot in the mountains of Virginia offers greater interest



FALLING SPRING.

to the scientist and the artist, and to the lover of nature generally, than Falling Springs; and it is strange that so wonderful a place has thus far been comparatively unknown. It is not difficult of access. Leaving New York by the midnight train on the Baltimore and Ohio road, one reaches Baltimore the next morning and Falling Springs the same night. The best plan that can be adopted is to go through from Covington by stage to Healing Springs, remain there over night, take carriage next morning, and with a good lunch set out to spend the day at Falling Springs, returning (should the time be limited) to Covington the same evening in time to catch the east-bound train.

The twilight had so far merged into moonlight that the way back up the gorge to the carriage waiting on the road was rendered quite exciting, and was accomplished with no other annoyance than damp clothes and wet feet. But these were trifles in the summing up of what had been witnessed. The journey to the top of the mountain and down the other side was such as to keep the spirits of the party to the highest tension. The singing was broken only by sudden bursts of delight at some view disclosed by a turn in the road, the moonlight upon the mountain and upon the broad, placid surface of Jackson River below affording such tastes of the picturesque as to effectually do away with all thoughts of the lateness of the hour and the absence of supper. This little discrepancy was speedily adjusted upon reaching the car. Tom, having had a choice meal for some time prepared, had grown uneasy over the failure of the sextet to arrive in season to do it that justice which its merits demanded. The ladies had stood the extended wagon trip without fatigue; in fact it had done them a world of good, and it was amazing how rapidly their plates were cleared of the solids heaped so lavishly upon them. The whole party had been much benefited by



A GLIMPSE INTO THE VALLEY.

the days spent in the open air, and it would have required no great amount of coaxing to obtain a general consent to make the trip right over again.

The car was taken that night to Alleghany Station, thirty-six miles from Covington, and early the next morning the start was made for Old Sweet Springs — one of the best-known resorts in the country, and which for years has been the summer home of many distinguished men of the South. The ride was only ten miles, and as the grades were light there was no trouble in making the distance in little over an hour.

Just before reaching Old Sweet, Red Sweet (now called Sweet Chalybeate Springs) was passed, it being the intention to tarry there on the return. The location of Old Sweet is in a more open country than is generally the rule in mountainous districts, the springs flowing from a fertile valley not far from the foot of the range. The buildings are brick and of the most substantial character; and one is impressed at first sight with the amount of capital which must have been invested to secure such results. Some idea of the extent of Sweet Springs may be gleaned from the fact that one thousand or more guests are readily entertained at a time, and at the height of the season it resembles a city in miniature. The lavish expenditure of solid wealth is also manifest in the modern improvements that have been made here; and it is safe to affirm that in all its appointments nothing is lacking that could be desired by the most fashionable pleasure and health seekers. The larger of the buildings extend up to the line of the stage-road, and the others are constructed so as to form three sides of a square, leaving the thoroughfare open to view from all directions. The bath-houses, in which are located the gentlemen's and the ladies' swimming-pools, are brick, and every facility is afforded for the complete enjoyment



OLD SWEET.

of the water. There are also four or five large springs, the temperature of which averages 79°. The water is of a tonic character, mildly cathartic and alterative, and is applicable to cases of debility, to many forms of dyspepsia, and functional diseases of the stomach and bowels. There is no good reason why any one should suffer from loneliness at Sweet Springs. Hops are given every night, and for day amusement there are billiards, ten-pins, croquet, and possibly at times poker.

In common with all the resorts which had been visited, the presence of long lines of telegraph poles and wires indicated the facility with which guests communicate with friends in any part of the country. The mails arrive daily, and at most of the resorts twice a day, morning and afternoon.

Returning to Sweet Chalybeate Springs, which are a mile nearer Alleghany than Old Sweet, the same charming characteristics were observable as at other resorts of a similar nature. Though less assuming, perhaps, than Old Sweet, as the buildings are principally of wood, there is, nevertheless, an air of satisfaction and tranquillity pervading the place which of itself is restful to contemplate. The immaculate whiteness of the dwellings, with their green blinds, amid a prodigality of the richest foliage; the lawn, with its clean-cut verdure, its lofty trees and its graveled walks, and the long rows of cottages on either side, combine to make a picture which will linger long in the appreciative mind; in short, he must be a misanthrope who could partake of the treasures here held out for his acceptance and derive no profit therefrom.

Of the offerings at Sweet Chalybeate probably none afford more genuine pleasure than the baths, which can be indulged in in almost every conceivable shape. The swimming-pools, as usual, caught the fancy of the party.



BATH HOUSE—OLD SWEET.

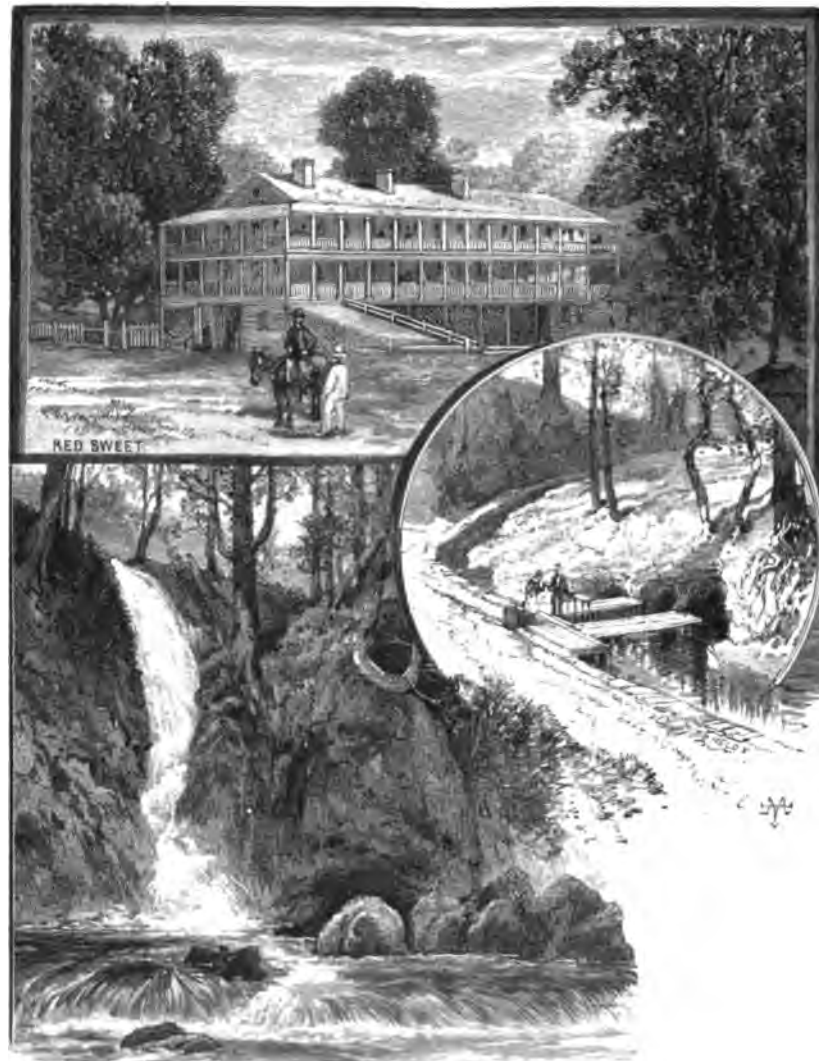
The superabundance of iron in the water originally led to the naming of these springs Red Sweet. The bath gave to the skin a smooth, warm glow, and its tonic effect was at once apparent. The main chalybeate spring is one of the most valuable of the kind in the United States, and, compared with the noted European springs, is pronounced stronger than the Powhon at Spa in Belgium or the Pyrmont in Westphalia; it is of greater strength than the celebrated Congress Spring at Saratoga, and rivals in its qualities High Rock, Washington, Anderson, and other well-known waters. There are abundant accommodations for four hundred and fifty guests; and if all are made the recipients of such treatment as that which was accorded to the sextet, they who visit this resort are fortunate. The ladies particularly were taken by the reception; and the gentlemen, after an introduction to a young lady who was worthy of being pronounced a Virginia belle, were induced to spruce up quite lively. Statuesque in figure and proportions, her movements were the personification of grace; her complexion was remarkably pure and fresh, and her queenly head was crowned with a wealth of blonde hair. Attired in black velvet, the effect upon susceptible young men — or for that matter upon a man of any age — can easily be conceived. This fair lady had presided at dinner, at the conclusion of which she graciously tendered her presence as guide to Beaver Dam Falls and vicinity. The drive was brief — the distance scarcely two miles from the hotel. The falls, as the name implies, were primarily produced by dams erected by beavers; but that was many years ago, and the constant increase in the volume of water, occasioned by the action of time and the force of the falling stream, has since converted the locality into one of the most beautiful displays of water, rock and foliage effect to be found in years of rambling. The ravine



A VIRGINIA BELLE.

through which the stream finds its way after its headlong plunge is replete with startling convulsions of nature, a rare profusion of moss, which covers the rocks, trees and pebbly shores alike with its emerald shades, softening the surroundings into rare harmony. The limestone along the banks of the stream, whitened by high waters and long exposure to the atmosphere, has been crumbling away for ages and now assumes all sorts of fantastic shapes. There are caverns, columns, and pendants extending from the banks above, in such variety that one could pick out almost any form that the fancy might dictate and call it by a familiar name. Fairy's lithe and sprightly companion nearly frightened the wits out of him by the bold and fearless paths she sought to reach level ground, and the Virginia lady was not behind her in demonstrating a nerve which discounted that of the men folks. It was a very enjoyable afternoon, and certainly there was not one of the sextet who did not regret the necessity of saying good-bye to the belle of Sweet Chalybeate.

Back to Alleghany again, the next objective point was the "Saratoga of the South," White Sulphur Springs, six miles distant. As the resort was but a few steps from the railroad depot, a walk of two or three minutes brought the party to a center of population calculated to put one in doubt as to whether he was in a summer resort in the midst of the Alleghany Mountains or in a city of considerable magnitude. There were at the time of arrival upward of eighteen hundred guests, and yet there appeared to be room for all; everybody was full of enjoyment, than which nothing could be more satisfactory. There was enough style and fashion to please the most ardent devotee; there were flirtations and promenades up and down the piazzas; there were joyful greetings, bright glances, and hearty ejaculations of pleasure; there were beaux in



SWEET CHALYBEATE — BEAVER DAM FALLS.

spike-tailed coats and faultless shirt-fronts, belles in trailing silks and satins, business men in Derby hats and cutaway coats, mothers in stiff and stately brocades, sons in corduroy suits, huntsmen in top-boots, old gentlemen in broad-brimmed beavers and ample waistcoats, young girls, sweet and pretty as pinks, in their fast-developing womanhood, and last, but by no means least, the inevitable Boy. Cosmopolitan is the word by which the company at White Sulphur may best be described; but it must not be understood from this that the term is intended to convey the impression that this character indicated any less tone and standing in life than is found in the first circles of society. When White Sulphur is spoken of as the Saratoga of the South, it is meant not only that its springs rival those of the famous Northern resort, but also that in wealth, in fashion, and in culture, it cannot be surpassed.

White Sulphur is preëminently a fashionable summer home of the first families, but its hospitality is not now, as of yore, confined to those of the South. One who has an extensive acquaintance west and north as well as south may here see friends from every section. It is a gay place, and its gaiety steadily increases. The belles of society array themselves in gorgeous raiment three to five times a day, each advent presenting new fascinations of style, shade and fabric; the gallants of the sterner sex don breakfast, dinner, supper and ball-room garb. Thus fashion's votaries pass the summer months as though they were but weeks. Others play at cards, billiards or ten-pins, or vary the programme with drives or tours up the valley and over the mountains. The hour that all meet for a single purpose is that for a bath, which restores freshness to the complexion, and lends new life and unstinted ability to enjoy it. Children have just as good a time as their seniors at White Sulphur, the extent of the grounds



WHITE SULPHUR.

and the unrestricted use of legs and lungs enabling them to make days pass joyously, and causing them to regret that terrible period in early existence when school commences. The dining-room is a sight at the noonday meal. The sextet, stationed at one of the openings leading out upon the porch, witnessed fifteen hundred people dining at the same time. It is unnecessary to enter into details by giving a description of the buildings, or by extolling the high standard of the management and the first-class attributes of the place as a whole, because these are evidenced by its line of patronage. The water of the main spring is, as the name of the resort indicates, largely impregnated with sulphur, but there are other springs of various kinds, and one has simply to follow his inclinations and drink or bathe as best pleases him. The elevation is some two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the temperature during the hottest periods rarely exceeds 75°, the average being between 60° and 70°. Extensive additions have been planned and perfected whereby the facilities of the hotel will be ample for receiving twenty-five hundred guests. Among other features added is the mile track, which veteran followers of the turf declare has hardly its equal in the country. Numerous running and trotting meetings are being arranged, and the new course promises exciting contests, in which the first of the land, both biped and quadruped, will participate.

Seventeen miles from White Sulphur Station on the railroad is Fort Springs Station; thence fourteen miles by stage is Salt Sulphur Springs, the location of which is extremely grand, and the water has for a number of years been well known.

Red Sulphur Springs, another noted resort in the Valley, is reached by rail to Lowell Station, twenty-nine miles from Fort Springs, and thence fourteen miles by stage.

The Red Sulphur water is a widely-celebrated specific for all forms of pulmonary disease, and these springs are fast becoming the Mecca of consumptives. The appointments at the hotel are first-class and entertain fully three hundred persons.

All the Valley resorts visited by the party are within a day's ride from Harper's Ferry. Visitors from New York and Eastern points find it most advantageous to take the midnight express on the Baltimore and Ohio, thus having sleeping and parlor cars to destination. Philadelphia visitors also prefer this night train. Baltimore and Washington passengers have no necessity for sleeping cars, as trains with parlor cars attached leave on the B. and O. at convenient hours in the morning to arrive at the resorts during the same day or evening. As all fast trains run through Harper's Ferry, travelers from the West experience no difficulty, every facility being afforded for making prompt connections. Those who may have occasion to look up railroad guides to ascertain the hours of travel necessary to make a trip to the Virginia Valley should take the time to Harper's Ferry and add from one to eight hours—the latter the time of the run to White Sulphur. The distance by stage from point to point has been given in each instance; and while the guide-books are handy for those familiar with their pages, to others who are unaccustomed to them the necessity for a long and tedious search will be obviated if, in wishing to make a close estimate of the extent of the journey, they will but remember or refer to the data already given in these pages; a careful reading of which will also enable those who may desire to lay out a tour of the Valley to find opportunities for doing so to the best advantage. Many people prefer a month or two spent in this way to remaining all the time at any one place. No trouble is met with in stopping off on the line of rail-

road, as stop-over privileges are granted, the only requisite being timely notice to the train conductor that it is desired to leave the cars at a given point.

During the season the Baltimore and Ohio issues round-trip tickets to all of the resorts referred to at much less than the rates usually charged. These tickets include stage fare, and are ordinarily made good say from the first day of June to the first day of October.

The tour of the sextet throughout the Valley was made precisely as narrated; and hence any who may propose a similar trip, either in whole or in part, may rely upon the accuracy of the information herein given. One can spend weeks or months in this manner, as time or inclination may dictate, remaining one, two, three days or a week at each resort. As a matter of course those who wish to stay during the summer months have the privilege of so doing. To fully appreciate the richness and grandeur of pictorial nature in this portion of the country the former is by all odds the best mode that can be devised; in which case it should not be forgotten to embrace as a first point either Rock Enon, Capon, Orkney or Rawley. The reader, however, having by this time learned of the attractions of the Valley, may make his own choice.

At White Sulphur Springs (the terminus of the trip up the Valley as originally planned by the Four) the car was switched to the north-bound track, and the run made through to Harper's Ferry direct.

ON THE MAIN LINE.





LEAVING Harper's Ferry, the road closely follows the line of the river, affording a series of panoramic views of foliage, cascades and mountain heights. The Potomac, with its tranquil, lake-like surface, broadens to the width of half a mile or more, and looks so enticing as to make one wish to tarry awhile and ply the oar in its limpid waters. The grade increases perceptibly and the iron horse breathes more stentoriously. Six miles and Shenandoah Junction is reached, at which point the car was taken to Luray Cave, sixty-six miles to the south. The surprise of the party upon arriving at the cave and finding a hotel—a very pattern of ornate architecture—was genuine, the ladies making no effort to restrain their pleasure when once within its walls. Luray Inn, as it is called, cost something over fifty thousand dollars, and the great taste everywhere displayed proved that those who had the handling of the money disbursed it not only with

intelligence but with the highest regard for artistic surroundings. Wilton carpets, immense mirrors, furniture of elaborate patterns, and hangings of sumptuous texture that would enrapture an æsthete. The cave itself is but little distance from the hotel, and once within its portals a new and peculiar existence is experienced, the strange fascination of which does not depart until, again in the sunshine, one is restored to a normal condition. Luray Cave is remarkable for its forms of stalagmite and stalactite, which latter is of great delicacy of shape, and is unique beyond all comparison. Mammoth Cave may be larger, but its attractions by no means compare with those of Luray; and while one may get his fill of the unearthly at the former in a day, it is no uncommon thing for tourists to remain at the latter, for daily visits to the cave, for a week or more. The introduction of the electric light within the caverns has been productive of wonderful results, some of the larger openings presenting spectacles which only the hand of a Doré could reproduce. The passage-ways are well planned and kept in good condition, and hence there is no necessity for any one to suffer from dampness, the use of the rubber wraps provided being all that is necessary to insure dryness. The party strolled in and about this weird place for hours. The ejaculations of the feminine members of the sextet, had they been bottled, would make the fortune of an emotional actress. The masculine representatives were, for that matter, but little behind them, and when the party of six sat down for a lunch by the shores of Broddus Lake, that portion of the cave resounded with the echoes of the animated conversation which all essayed to carry on at once.

Luray Cave has created much interesting inquiry and discussion among scientists, its geological features affording a basis for studies and theories of an important



LURAY CAVERNS.

character. Those who have a taste for such discussions, and who desire to be fully informed of the various interests in and about these caverns, will be pleased with an article in one of the leading monthly magazines of recent issue. There is also in existence a report of a visit to the cave by certain officials of the Smithsonian at Washington, which can doubtless be obtained by addressing that institution.

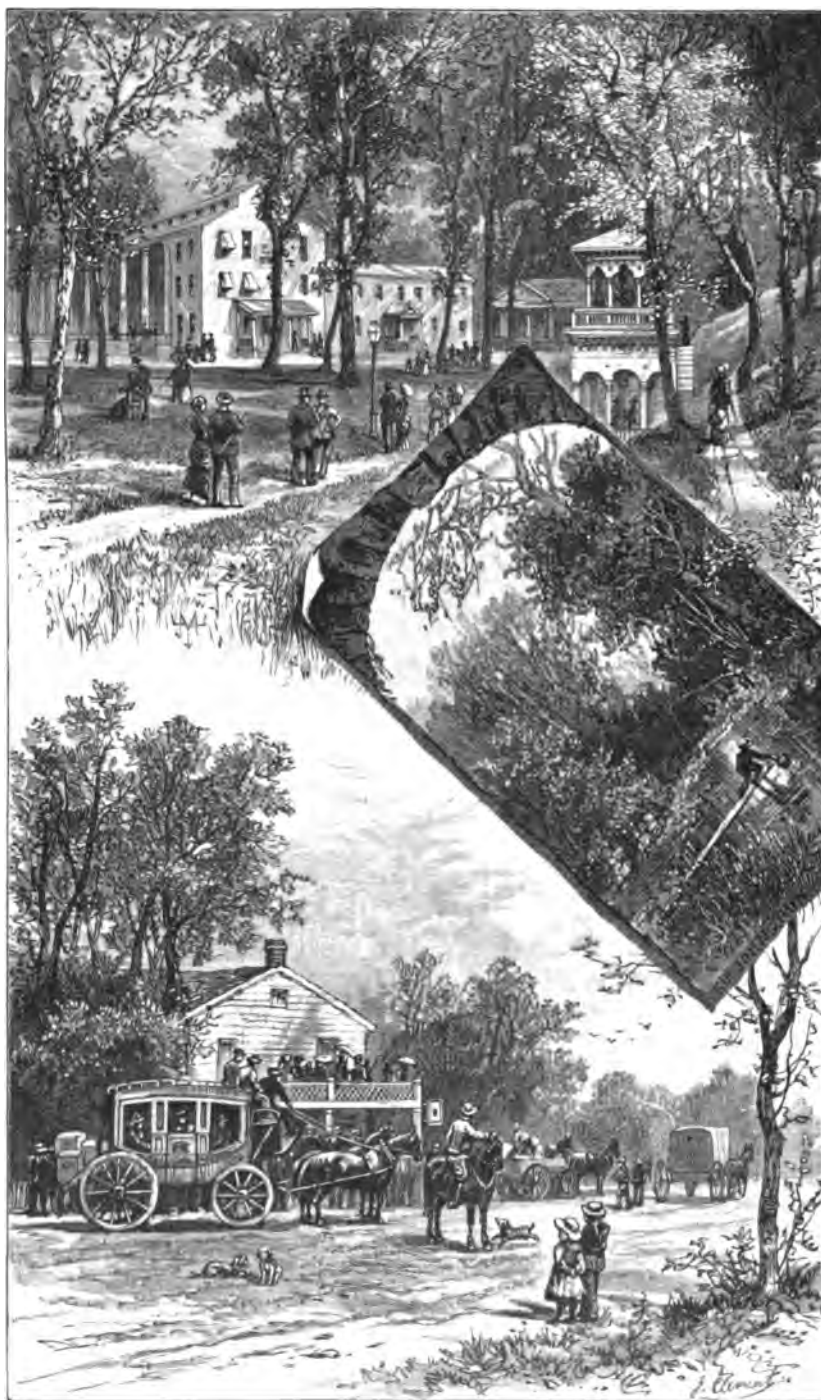
Upon the return of the party to Shenandoah Junction the ladies were forced by maternal duties to return to their homes, and the severance of the associations of the preceding two weeks was anything but pleasant to contemplate.

Three miles west of Shenandoah Junction is Kearneysville — the point Lee's corps passed on the march to Antietam. The river had been to the right some time before reaching the junction, and now the way lay through a section of the Valley of the Virginia, its high cultivation, substantial homes and well-kept fields indicating a prosperity of many years' continuance. The historic town of Martinsburg is soon reached. Here but few of the scars left by the direful ravages of the war are now visible. It was at Martinsburg that occurred the wholesale destruction of railroad property by Stonewall Jackson. After battering out of all former semblance such machinery as he could not make use of, and burning the coaches, cars and buildings, Jackson determined upon carrying away with him six or eight of the B. and O. engines. The familiar remark to the effect that a man would carry off a red-hot stove if it were not for the difficulty in handling it would seem to apply to the making off with half-a-dozen locomotives with no rail upon which to run them. This obstacle, however, did not deter Stonewall from getting away with the locomotives, one of his officers so rigging them up that powerful

teams managed to pull them back through the country to a railway line in possession of the Confederates, upon which they were placed and used during the war. This same officer, who accomplished results which hardly any other man would have thought of as practical, was afterward the Master of Transportation of the road from which he confiscated the engines. Martinsburg is now a prosperous, lively town. Large repair-shops are located here; it is also the terminus of the first division of the road. Gliding slowly onward from the labyrinth of railroad appurtenances, it was not very long ere the train was enveloped in the shadow of North Mountain, whose rocky face and cloud-capped summit had been slowly growing nearer. Piercing its base with a swift run through a deep cut, Back Creek was crossed, the angry stream rushing through its pent-up channel under the frown of the high, overhanging cliff. Another dash through narrow ledges of rock and now the scene changes as if by magic. In place of the somber fronts of granite there lies open to the view, smiling and basking in the warm sunlight, the brightest of landscapes. Again the Potomac comes as a welcome friend, its mantling waters flashing like diamonds. Beyond the river, high on a noble hill, stands a stone inclosure, a relic of frontier defenses in 1755. Fort Frederick now serves as a capital place for cattle to sun themselves in, the rude barn built at one end affording shelter in inclement weather. Running to the river bank so close that the polished surface reflects the train as it passes, its varied flow attracts admiration, and the series of whirlpools are almost bewildering when one attempts to trace their sinuosities. On either side the mountains seem to draw nearer and nearer until the way ahead appears as if closed to human passage. At Hancock it is only a little over three miles to the Pennsylvania state line; but it is a very rugged three miles, as

Round Top Mountain intervenes. This is almost one mass of mighty upheavals. The volcanic action in this immediate section must at some time or other have been terrific, as the dip in the strata changes abruptly, rearing up almost from the water's edge and presenting an outline of exceeding roughness. The shapes taken at times are strikingly uncouth, exhibiting scraggy, inharmonious features which impart a strange air to the surroundings. But for the luxuriant foliage one might suppose himself above timber line in the "Rockies," so barren are the cliffs and bleak their attributes. A little farther on and there is an entire transformation of the scene. The mountains are banked with thickly-growing trees, and their crests, plainly marked, intermingle with happy effect. The railroad embankment meets the Potomac at its base, which, however, is hidden under the teeming clumps of vines and evergreens that, bending symmetrically over the stream, gain double beauty by the perfect reproduction. The Potomac here has narrowed and its depth has become greatly increased. Swaying around curve after curve the train hugs the river for miles, the mountains meantime growing more graceful, the foliage richer, and the blending of colors that which only the hand of Nature can effect.

At Sir John's Run (so named from its once having been the headquarters of Sir John Sinclair, General Braddock's quartermaster, in Revolutionary times) stages leave for Berkeley Springs, two miles distant. The immediate surroundings of Sir John's Run are of a highly inviting character, the river and the mountains, together with the pretty little station-house, combining to make a picture perfect in all its details. The road to Berkeley was up the mountain half the way and down the other half. The springs known as Berkeley Springs, at Bath, Morgan County, West Virginia, originally part of Berkeley County,



BERKELEY SPRINGS AND VICINITY.

were long known to the Indians and frequented by them, and are among the first regularly visited by civilization. Here General Washington and others came with their wagons, horses, dogs and servants, built log huts, bough shelters, etc., camping out. The bathing place was a pool surrounded with willows. Certain hours were appointed for the ladies to use this pool, of which notice was given by the blowing of horns. When the ladies had finished bathing, in due time the horns were blown again, a signal that the pool was ready for gentlemen. Lord Fairfax gave these springs to the people of Virginia. They were placed in charge of a board of trustees. This board filled vacancies occurring in the board, appointed the bath-keeper, and received and disbursed the money charged for bathing. With this fund improvements were made; the trustees borrowing money on their individual security to make payments, refunding from receipts. About the commencement of the war a law was passed giving the circuit judge the power to make appointments to fill vacancies in the board of trustees. Since the war that power has been given to the governor. Aside from the capacious hotel buildings, the lawn studded with stately elms, the bath-houses nestling beneath the overhanging trees, and the happily-situated cottages, Berkeley's location, with the gifts bestowed upon it by Nature, is itself worthy of remark. Yet not in this instance is it true that Nature unadorned is most adorned, for human skill and ingenuity have been exercised to enhance the beauty of the place with the best possible success. From the road, as one descends the mountain, the dell in which the structures have been reared appears to be hardly any larger than the palm of the hand, and, contrasted with the great face of the range which locks the valley in close embrace, the simile is relatively sustained. The volume and unceasing

supply of water at these springs are remarkable. The discharge is from no less than five principal sources, besides numerous tributary ones, and is upward of two thousand gallons per minute. It is clear and crystalline, tasteless, and of a uniform and invariable temperature of 74° Fahrenheit. Its medicinal properties are of such a high and unequivocal standard that the state went to a large expense in fitting up bath-houses and providing them with every known appliance for securing the greatest benefit from their use. Any form of bath may be taken as best suits the bather. There are stone swimming-pools of large dimensions for both ladies and gentlemen, the water supply being so vast that virtually each person has fresh water, always at a normal temperature. There are also a dozen or more private baths, ten feet by four and five feet deep, for gentlemen; and as many are furnished for the use of ladies. The component parts of the water from the main springs are carbonate of lime, crenate, iron, chloride of sodium, calcium, sulphate of magnesia and silicate of lime. There are also springs largely impregnated with sulphur, offering a fine tonic for drinking or for bathing. The scene during the morning at Berkeley, when the baths are mostly in use, is full of animation. The intermingling branches of the lofty trees by which the bath-houses are surrounded serve to temper the sun's rays into a grateful coolness which is welcomed upon the greensward beneath. Hammocks are swung from tree to tree, and it is refreshing to see how thoroughly they are enjoyed by the ladies who dangle to and fro in them. Snugly ensconced in comfortable high-back chairs other guests luxuriate; and all around and about are children as blithesome as larks and as frolicsome as kittens. The steady lines of bathers continue to pour in and out, and over from the pagoda the band sends forth the sweetest

music. If any one can imagine a more restful and wholesome atmosphere he is really to be congratulated. Seated upon the lawn and looking to the right of the bath-houses one can see through the trees the tall, white pillars of the main hotel, which invitingly proclaim the enjoyments offered within to those who desire to partake of them after the sun has gone down on the recreations of the day. One of the boasts of the place is its cuisine, and its table is noted throughout the East for its high standard of excellence. The accommodations are upon an extensive scale, and at the height of the season Berkeley is a very animated and brilliant resort. Balls are given nightly, and the social attractions are all that the most fastidious could wish for. The air during the hottest summer weather is pure and salubrious, the temperature rarely if ever reaching high figures, and the nights are ever such as to require blankets to render sleep agreeable. During the proper season the hunting about Berkeley is fine—deer, wild turkey, pheasant, partridge, and other game abounding. Fishermen have the mountain streams near by where they can tempt trout with fly, and a distance of two miles brings them to the Potomac, than which for black-bass fishing there are no better waters on the continent.

From Sir John's Run it is three miles to the crossing of the Cacapon, a fleet-flowing stream which empties into the Potomac in full view from the train. Looking toward its mouth the vista is one of splendor, while up stream the eye is nearly dazed with the transitions of color produced by the unrestrained vegetation which masses in glorious contrasts to the water's edge.

A short distance from the bridge is Cacapon Station, which during the fishing season is the objective point of Washington's devoted disciples of Walton. To the right a leafy avenue of oaks and elms leads to the great dam



WASHINGTON FISH CLUB.

that here spans the Potomac, and forms during the early spring months a series of falls which almost rival Niagara in volume and force of descent. Below the dam the river has been clogged with prodigious rocks, upon which the waters dash, scattering their silvery spray in every direction. To the very heart of this moisture-laden atmosphere the daring fishermen penetrate, and from the seething crest of the rapids lift many a fat bass. It is not a fit place for a tyro of the rod and line, as it requires the greatest skill in landing a fish upon the slippery rocks, where only the nimble-footed can find standing room, to say nothing of making a cast. Above the dam the river, stopped short in its rush to the sea, expands into majestic proportions, and presents a face without break or ripple. Its depth here is probably greater than at any other point, and boats and barges are easily propelled for a mile or two up stream. On the opposite side of the river, not far from the station, is the house of the Washington Fishing Club, an organization which includes among its members several leading government officials and gentlemen in private life possessed of such means as to enable them to enjoy sport without stint and entertain friends right royally. The location of this resort is in unison with the country it overlooks, being upon an elevation high above the stream and surrounded by noble old trees. From the porch of the club-house the aspect is one to be remembered: the long, swelling, grass-carpeted slope ending at the bank of the canal, the gleaming white tow-path of which stands out in bold relief; then a narrow stretch of ground from which droop graceful vines that bend and bathe themselves in the waters of the Potomac. On the opposite side of the river the foliage of the trees and vines is so compact as to cast deep shadows upon the limpid stream. Beyond this lovely green wall is seen the rocky road-bed of the

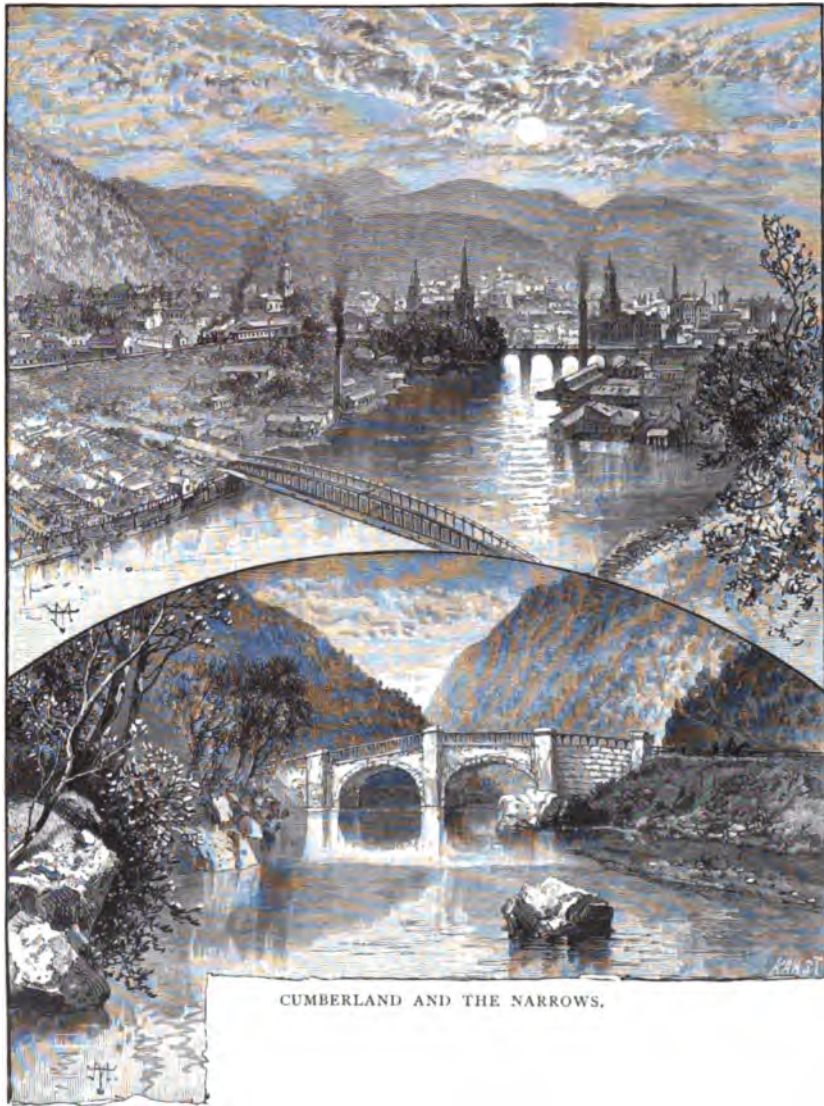
B. and O., its glittering steel bands skirting cliffs whose bleak and bare front shows where they have been torn asunder by man to make way for the locomotive, Cresting the ragged despoliation are the firmly-rooted pines, which extend to the very top of the mountains, where clouds hang low and render hazy and indistinct the outline of the distant range.

The stop at Cacapon was necessarily brief, and the signal was given to start. The engineer kindly held in his iron horse so that the stride by the side of the stream was measured and slow, and a comprehensive view of the beauty of the valley was thus obtained. As the pace was gradually increased it seemed as if nothing could be more graceful than the swinging bends which the line of the road takes in following the river to Cumberland. At times the Potomac would almost disappear, and it would seem as if the mountains had closed in so sharply as to check the flow of the river and force it in an opposite direction; then would come a lengthy sweep to the right or to the left, and there again would be seen the bright face of the crystal water, picturing most minutely the shrubs, trees, rocks and mountains which flank it on either side. Now the valley would appear to widen, disclosing charming little patches of land clothed in its summer verdure, and again the way would be closely walled on either side by rocky cliffs, looming up to such a height as to prevent the sun from sending his warm rays down to the water-side, and leaving above only a clear strip of blue sky. Just beyond the south branch of the Potomac is seen the historic Cresap Mountain, where in 1750 the youthful Washington, then a civil engineer, spent much time in making surveys for Lord Fairfax. Now the mountain range is locally known as "Knobly," so named from its exceedingly rough appearance. Isolated cones jut out boldly against the

cloudless sky, taking odd shapes and suggesting a realization of the days when giants were supposed to people the land. Vegetation that elsewhere finds the sustenance which gives to it the perfect hues of unrestricted growth here droops and dies, finding a last resting-place on barren rock, or limp and lifeless fringing the craggy ledges.

Crossing Patterson's Creek the first sight is obtained of the striking gap in the mountains just beyond Cumberland. As seen from the train the rent in the ridge is so plainly defined as to cause one to shudder at the thought of the awful convulsions of nature which produced it. From the right the eye follows along the line of the mountain to this abrupt break, which in the distance appears to be only of such width that a boy might easily cast a stone from one side to the other. To the left the crests are as vividly portrayed, the clear air adding distinctness to the outline, and anew the sharp declivity is repeated, the rift in the towering range looking as if some superhuman hand had wielded the instrument which rent in twain the sister masses of granite. At North Branch, six miles from Cumberland, the railroad once more spans the river, and the train bowls merrily along over the soil of "Maryland, my Maryland!" to Cumberland.

The B. and O. has demonstrated what liberality and good judgment will accomplish in making travel by rail pleasant to the eye and grateful to the senses. Here is the grand hotel, the "Queen City," built by the Company; and many a city whose population is quadruple can boast of no such hostelry. The architecture is an ornate mingling of stone and brick, and in front as well as at the ends the veranda overlooks a noticeably artistic display of landscape gardening. Broad stone walks are laid from the tracks to the hotel, curbed by foliage plants, and in every way made pleasing to the eye and the senses alike. The



CUMBERLAND AND THE NARROWS.

spacious dining-room within the building and the private apartments upstairs are fitted with every modern convenience and furnished after a manner that would not reflect discredit on a metropolitan house.

The elevation of Cumberland is nearly a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the air is therefore pure and sweet. This, in connection with the scenery in the vicinity, which is exceedingly fine, renders this resort of considerable importance in the summer season. From a commercial standpoint the city ranges second in the State of Maryland, its coal interests being of great magnitude. Railway tracks are laid throughout the coal district, and mining is carried on very extensively, the supply showing no signs of exhaustion. The coal is shipped in large quantities to New York and the New England cities, and to all the Atlantic States; in fact it is largely exported to the West Indies and the eastern and western coasts of South America. It is also sent in almost, if not quite, equal quantities to Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and other Western States, for manufacturing purposes. The Cumberland coal field is fifty miles in length and four to six miles in width. On the other side of the mountains are the Clarksburg, Fairmont, Grafton and Newburg coal basins, in extent unlimited, furnishing employment to thousands of miners and millions of dollars' worth of business annually for the railroad company. Owing to the B. and O. penetrating this vast section of coal deposits, its fuel is obtained at figures far below those secured by other trunk lines, and as a consequence the road is operated at a correspondingly less expense.

Cumberland is one of the most important points on the road, and the Company has large interests here, it being the center of several important departments of its management. The dining-halls along the route, as previously

stated, are owned and operated by the Company; and at the Queen City hotel are the headquarters of the superintendent, who, by the way, is an old New York hotel man of large experience and well-earned popularity. Possibly no accommodations afforded by railway lines require more careful and close attention than the dining-halls, and to manage them so that all classes of passengers are gratified is something to be proud of. The sagacious course of the Company in placing its dining-halls under the superintendence of a man who has learned from experience how to keep a hotel is demonstrated in the high reputation they have earned. The object is not so much to make a profit on the meals that are served as to insure the comfort and the pleasure of the patrons of the road. Were the eating-houses under the control of outside parties they would, as a matter of course, be compelled to manage them so that they would yield an income which should be a suitable reimbursement for the time and labor expended in their maintenance. But in the case of the Company this is not an absolute requirement, as the revenue derived from the increased business on the road where passengers are fully satisfied with the attention which they receive in the matter of accommodations more than compensates for any lack of profit in the hotels themselves. The dining-cars, also owned and managed by the Company, may be classed in the same category, the determination being to insure perfect contentment even at the expense of the entire amount received for the food served. The quartet tested the table at the Queen City at supper-time, with the result that Tom was notified that he need not prepare breakfast in the car.



QUEENS OF THE FIELD.

THE YOUGHIOGHENY.





EARLY the following morning the car was shifted to the tracks of the Pittsburgh Division of the B. and O., preparatory to the run through the Youghiogheny and the Monongahela valleys to the "Smöky City." The corporate limits had hardly been passed before the train was within the walls of Will's Mountain Gap, which was first seen in the distance when crossing Patterson's Creek. The Gap, which seven miles away had captivated the attention of every beholder, appeared to magnificent advantage as the threshold was approached. Here the creek contributes its quota to the general view, rushing through the mountain in ungovernable haste to empty itself into the Potomac. On either hand the cliffs tower to the clouds, their lines broken by ponderous ledges of rock over which hang trailing vines, and from which jut lean, lank and almost leafless pines, some bent over apparently from age, and others, as it would seem, from lightning stroke, which in its furious

career down the rocky walls had blasted granite, tree and shrub, leaving naught but wreck and scarred remnants in its track. On the very edge of one of the highest of these projections some courageous hand has planted an observatory, the framework of which from below seemed too frail to support the weight of a child. From this elevation the outlook must be intensely interesting, as it commands a view eastward of twenty miles or more, and westward possibly to even a greater distance.

This Pittsburgh Division, formerly known as the Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railroad, can boast of an origin more distinguished than any other highway in the country. No less a personage than George Washington himself suggested the route along Mill's Creek and down the Youghiogheny as the best avenue for commerce, and singular to say, the northern terminus — Pittsburgh — is the only city which Washington may be said to have founded. He selected the "Forks of the Ohio" as the proper site for a fort on November 23, 1753. In April following a series of skirmishes and engagements began, in which he was personally engaged, and which inaugurated the great Seven Years' War which raged in all quarters of the globe. The "journal" which Washington kept of his first journey to Fort Le Bœuf, near Erie, Pa., was reprinted in Europe as being the best account of the theater of war in America. His first battle took place at "Fort Necessity," within a few miles of Ohio Pyle; there he had to surrender to the French on July 4, 1754. On his defeat becoming known, England made great preparations to regain the ground lost, and sent General Braddock with an army, who landed at Alexandria in the following winter. Sir John Sinclair was his quartermaster-general, and his negotiations with Benjamin Franklin for transportation very nearly ruined that great philosopher.

It is not the intention to follow the campaign in all its particulars, but to refer to only one point, as presenting a striking contrast between then and now. Braddock, whom Washington accompanied as staff officer, with the rank of major, took just sixty days to march from Cumberland to the fatal field, ten miles from Pittsburgh; now the journey is made by rail in six hours.

Dunbar's Camp, the depot of the ill-starred expedition, is a prominent point among the mountain battlements between Uniontown and Connellsville. Farther south is Braddock's grave, a most impressive spot, close to the National Road. All these points mentioned in this, Washington's first campaign, in which he practically learned the art of war, of so much importance afterwards, can be readily reached by the National Road, itself a landmark in the history of the United States.

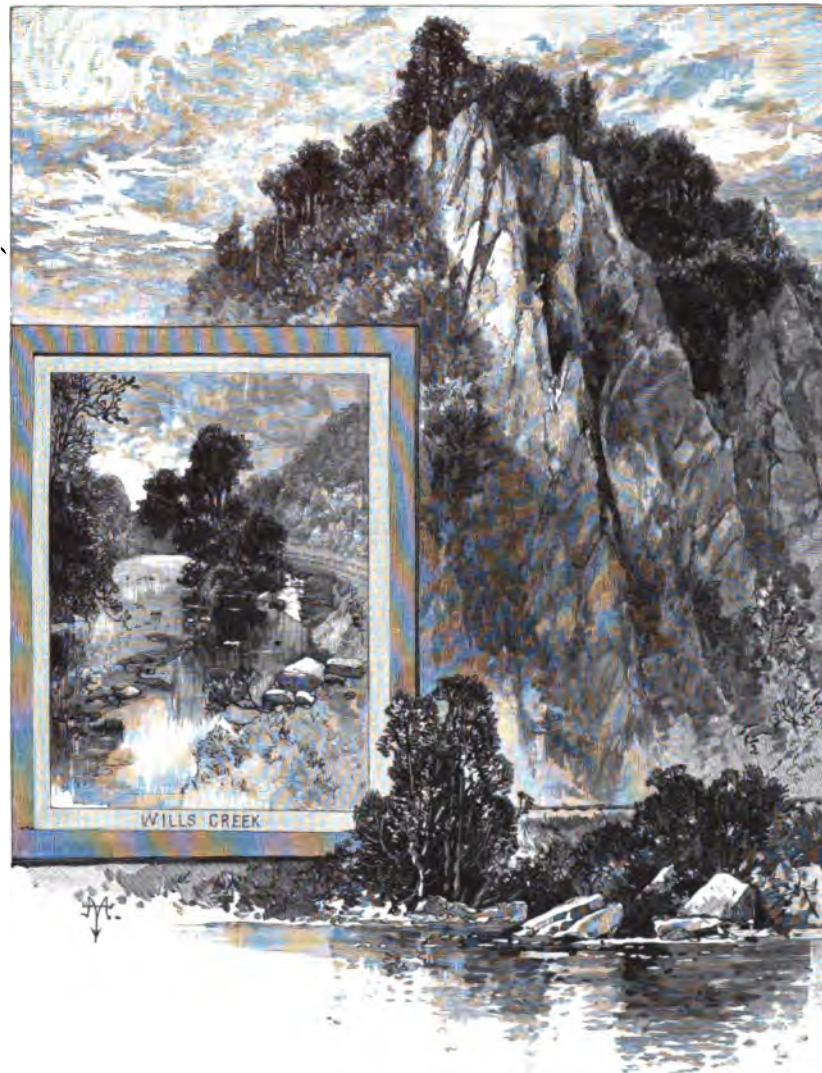
A view of one of the most unique specimens of tree growth to be seen anywhere in the country may be gained by leaving the railroad at Confluence and hiring some sort of a conveyance for the little hamlet of Harnedsville, some three miles distant. In the outskirts—if such a little cluster of houses can be said to have such—there is a singular specimen of Nature's handiwork. From the stump of an elm, probably ten feet in diameter, rise six majestic trees, each a foot and a half through, to a height of sixty feet, there forming a perfectly symmetrical canopy of living green. The surrounding glade, used by the settlers as long ago as 1750–60 as a place of sepulture, with a background of laurel-covered white rocks, the limpid Casselman's River—all form a picture of wonderful charm and power.

The country traversed by the Pittsburgh Division, besides having been the battle-ground between France and England, was the scene of other conflicts no less momentous in their consequences. A few miles up Mill's Creek

is crossed "Mason and Dixon's Line," so familiar in the political annals as dividing the Northern from the Southern States. The line was run in 1763-67 by the surveyors named (sent over from England to end a controversy of fourscore years' duration). Singular to say, the western end of the line was not determined till years afterwards, causing meanwhile another controversy, between Virginia and Pennsylvania. The former, under Lord Dinsmore, claimed all the region traversed by the B. and O., even including Pittsburgh. One of the greatest characters of the era was thereby introduced into public life — General Arthur St. Clair, whose home in the Ligonier Valley was within twenty miles of Connellsville. Besides his great services in the Revolutionary War at Ticonderoga, etc., St. Clair, familiar with the controversy between Virginia and Pennsylvania, was deeply interested in the settlement of the vexed question, and the issue proved one of the grandest monuments of political wisdom ever erected — the Ordinance of 1787. St. Clair became the first governor of the Northwest Territory, out of which five states of the Union were carved. He died a poor, broken-down old man, about ten miles from Mount Pleasant.

Leaving the Gap the road leads out into a more open country, crossing at frequent intervals little streams, each of them a study, and passing a peculiar formation of rock, the strata of which fully demonstrate the violence of the volcanic action that threw it into its present position upon end. The jaggedness of its edge led to its name, "The Devil's Backbone."

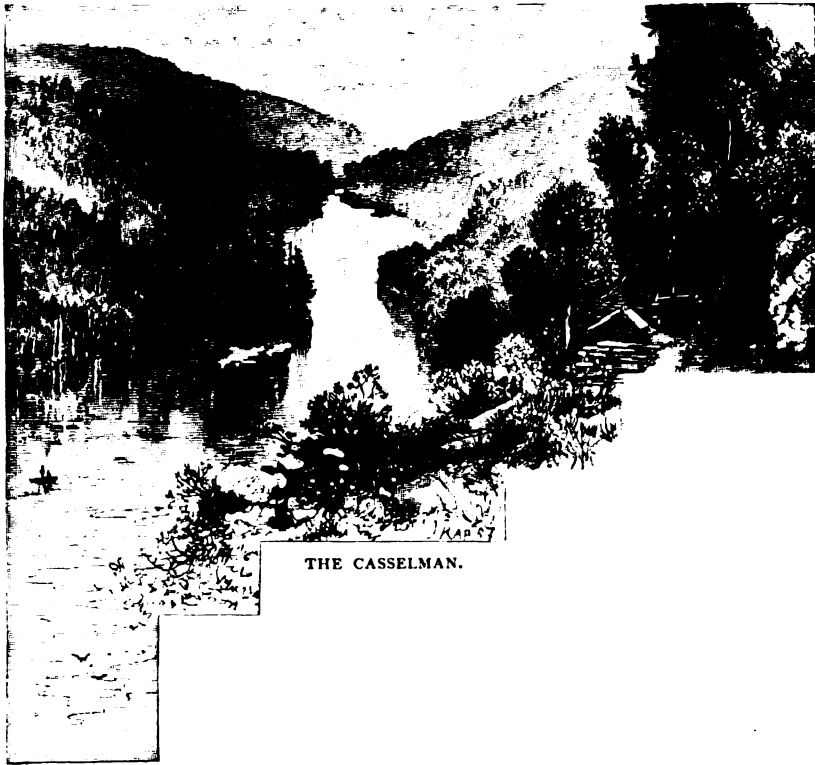
Dashing through Sand Patch tunnel (at an elevation of twenty-three hundred feet) sunlight at the other end discloses the first view of Casselman's River, with banks at times pastoral and then growing more wild as we come nearer the Youghiogheny. For mile upon mile the road



DEVIL'S BACKBONE.

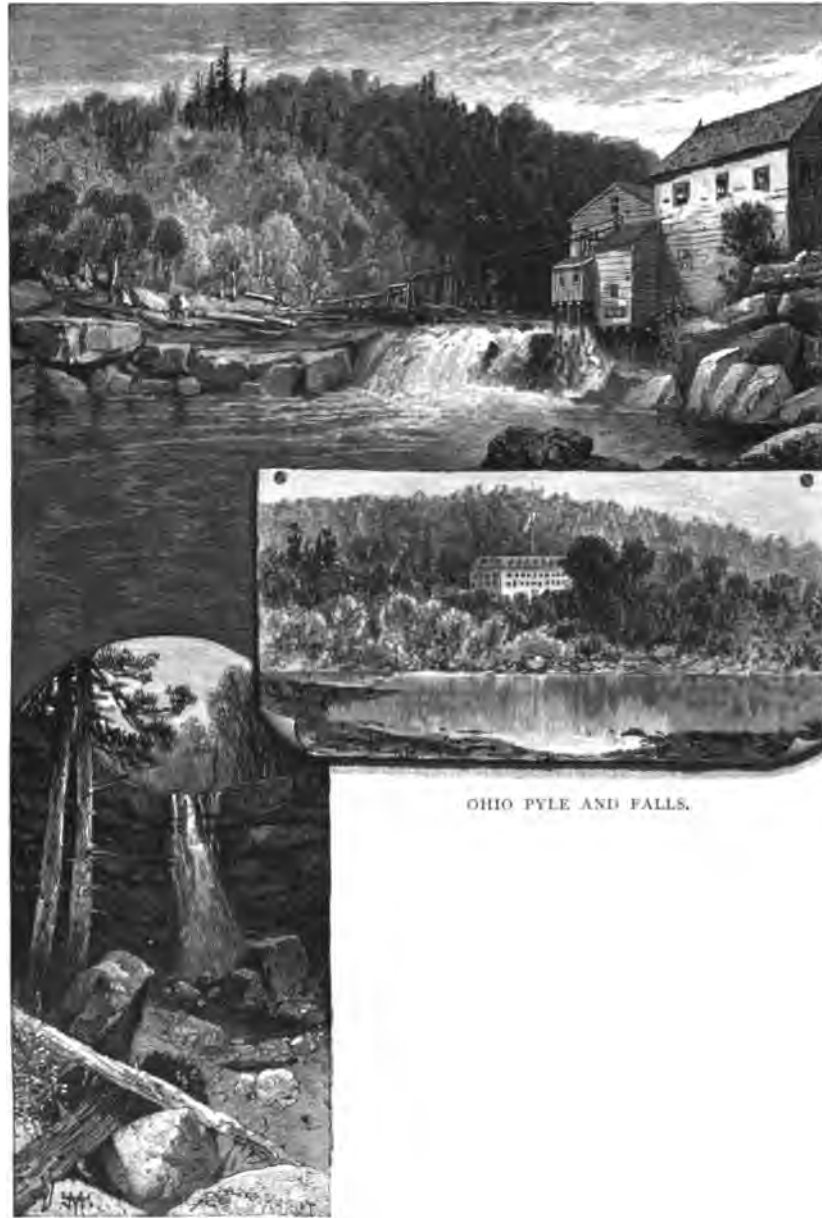
follows a ledge cut into the mountain side, and from here the passenger looks away down upon the whirling rapids; and the thought was painful of what might have been the consequences had some of the great boulders — and there are many of them in the waters — become dislodged and, rolling down, obstructed the train in its swift career. The way through the valley is one of curves and long, sweeping turns; but so firm is the rock ballast of the track, and so smooth is the seventy-pound steel rail with which it is laid, that one notices the angles only as they open up new and wilder views of all that is fascinating in Nature in the way of mountain and valley and forest and river. As one turns from the vista that lies before him and permits his gaze to alight upon the monstrous rocks clogging up the stream the eye involuntarily roams back over the country just traversed; and he must needs be a writer of marked power who could bring the sight to the full realization of the reader. All along the valley the mountains which hem it in restrict the waters until they increase in fury sufficient to burst any ordinary barrier. In the centuries ago there evidently must have been such a rock-rolling in this vicinity as to shake the earth to its very axis. Many of these ponderous boulders have tumbled thousands of feet to the bed of the stream, and are almost mountains in themselves; others have so long been subjected to the action of the water that their edges have been rounded to a symmetry of form closely assimilating the work of the artisan. Gradually the aspect of nature grows less wild, and valleys are introduced, giving the scene something of a pastoral appearance.

At Meyersdale a branch diverges to the Salisbury basin of semi-bituminous coal (used by ocean steamers), which, so far as developed, gives not the slightest indication of lessening in supply. From Meyersdale on to Rockwood is



THE CASSELMAN.

a famous dairy region, butter being manufactured in large quantities and shipped not only to Washington and Baltimore but as far east as New York, where in the market it ranks as "gilt-edged." Rockwood is the starting-point of the Somerset and Cambria Branch, which extends as far as Johnstown, the location of the noted Cambria Steel and Iron Works, the great bulk of the production of which is sent to Pittsburgh by this branch. Speeding on to Ohio Pyle a stop is made for the night. The buildings at this resort, while in a measure commodious, are by no means as extensive as the location justifies, for there are but few places in the mountains combining so many attractions as this. The hotel grounds are only a few steps from the depot, and upon a gently rising elevation which forces the Youghiogheny to change its course abruptly to the south. The houses are erected upon the highest knoll, which had been cleared for them for some distance around, and converted into a lawn flanked on two sides by a forest and on another by the river, while the remaining side is walled in by the mountain ridge. One may imagine from this slight sketch what such a location must be, but when the falls (the steady roar of which is always distinct) are added to it, there could be no cause for surprise that the reader should wish himself there. Were the wish gratified he would have the pleasure of seeing the Youghiogheny rushing and tumbling tempestuously over the ledge of rocks to the limestone masses below, a distance of nearly a hundred feet. It is no puny, trickling stream, but a tremendous cataract, five hundred feet across, that dashes against the projecting rocks in its descent and flies off in fantastic shapes of spray. The whole body of the Youghiogheny here pitches over the precipice; and to say that it seems to boil with rage, or that it writhes and fumes to a white heat, is to express but feebly the whirling cauldron below. On



OHIO PYLE AND FALLS.

CUCUMBER FALLS.

one side the mountains exhibit a sheer height of hundreds of feet, and on the other is a romantic old mill, age-worn and moss-covered, and of that fashion of construction which artists' eyes love to behold. But a solitary vehicle and one horse could be found at Ohio Pyle, the bringing out of which so played upon the feelings of the quartet that it was decided to proceed at once on foot to Cucumber Falls, which was situated high up among the hills, so that no one horse could safely be relied upon to convey the party thither. Instructions were, however, left for the driver to bring the quartet back, as it was down-grade the entire distance. Though something of a climb, and rather hard on the Fairy's corporosity, the physical exertion of the trip was more than compensated. On the road Yellowstone dallied to sketch a rustic structure bridging the rivulet that danced its way to the Youghioghenny, and just above this the old tannery long since passed into decay. The bridge, the dilapidated buildings, the narrow gorge, and the woods, made a study for a sketch not to be passed over by the artistic eye. From this spot the hard, stony roadway led directly up the ascent to the summit, and from here the route down to the falls was such that persons of weak nerves would hardly dare attempt it. A well-beaten path denotes the point where the road is to be left for the descent. Hand in hand the quartet scrambled over fallen trees and projecting crags to the bottom; and once there, the query was — at least the fat man of the coterie thought so — how in the world to get back again. But such trifling considerations soon faded in the presence of the falling waters.

The geological characteristics of Cucumber Falls are remarkable, the surface of the earth having apparently sunk abruptly two hundred feet or more and left the adjacent country high and dry. The water forming the cascade



FISHING CAMP—ON THE YOUGHIOGHENY.

comes down the defile gently at first, but increases in turbulence and velocity with the greater ruggedness of the chasm. The volume varies at different seasons of the year; in the autumn there is just sufficient to compose a filmy, nebulous screen, with a fringe as of floss silk. Above all is sunshine; below it is dark and dank as a cavern. A wilder or more uncouth region than this could hardly be imagined, but the inspiration which attaches to the sight effectually supplants any feeling of dread that might otherwise come over the beholder, who, though he may have seen the Alleghanies in their varied aspects, finds so much of novelty here that his stay is generally prolonged until wet clothes suggest the desirability of more comfortable quarters. It would doubtless take a week's diligent rambling to ferret out the places in and about Ohio Pyle that would well repay exertion to discover. But all were ready to return to the hotel; and after a severe tug back to the road, and waiting some time for the one-horse show to make its appearance, the party jogged down the bill, coming upon the vehicle about half-way, the driver belaboring the poor beast, and the latter paying about as much attention to it as if he had been a mule. Now was Ben's golden opportunity to exhibit his fitness for any emergency. He was big enough and strong enough to almost carry the horse himself, and when he caught hold of the lines and lay back the obstinate equine concluded that he was willing to proceed. Then there was a down-hill trot that few would care to experience a second time. In exact ratio to his disinclination to go up hill that horse went down hill, the quartet jumbled up with the driver and holding on for dear life. Just before reaching the hotel there was something of an ascent, and here the difficulty was to keep from sliding out of the wagon at the rear end, the old nag still giving evidence of direct descent from a racing family.



A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.

There was no end of fun in the helter-skelter jaunt, and the buxom maidens by the wayside, with whom Ben made some attempt to flirt, looked as if they had unexpectedly come upon a Zoo turned loose.

That night a run was made up the road nine miles to the mouth of Indian Creek, where it empties into the Youghiogheny. The air was balmy and pure, and the perfect stillness was broken only by the subdued murmurs of the locomotive standing upon the track. The twinkle of a light could be dimly seen upon the mountain in the distance, the flicker from the windows of the station-house being its only companion in all the darkness. Soon the impenetrable gloom beyond the mountain-tops gave place to streaks of softly-shaded light becoming gradually brighter and brighter as the queen of the night ascended almost imperceptibly to her throne in the skies. The peaks seemed to stand out to treble their ordinary proportions as the silvery rays announced the approaching disk. The phantom clouds anon glided athwart her pale beams; and as the empress of the heavens rose to her zenith the palpitating waters glistened as it were in the sheen of myriads of gems. The mountains on every side became stronger in outline, and every trembling leaf and intermingling bough was touched by the mystic spell. Now the base of the mighty range is in the glow, and the light creeping up soon the crest stands out in bold relief against the luminous sky, and the scene partakes of Fairyland. It was truly a realization of all that had been promised.

So bright was the road ahead that the quartet resolved to go on to Pittsburgh by moonlight, and the ride was one which the flight of time will not soon erase from the remembrance of those who composed the company.

Two-thirds of the distance to Pittsburgh covered and



MOUTH OF INDIAN CREEK.

Connellsville is reached. Here is another busy center of coal interests, and noted as the most extensive coke depot in the United States. It is the entrepôt of the coke region, and from now on branches will be marked from the main stem, extending in almost every direction, and bringing the enormous business of the multitudinous tributary ovens to the line. Some conception may be formed of the extent of the coke traffic when it is stated that there are upward of five thousand ovens on the Pittsburgh Division and branches radiating from it. The coke is shipped to all parts of the continent and to Europe; and statistics showing the number of car-loads handled every year would surprise the majority of people who have no idea of the amount that is consumed. Its peculiar value will be best understood by saying that no other commodity known to man will bear a transportation charge of thirty times its original value as does Connellsville coke. Connellsville is the junction of the branch to Uniontown, twelve and a half miles distant. It is, in fact, just so many miles of coke ovens. The noted Fayette Springs are seven miles from Uniontown. Three miles west of Connellsville is Broad Ford, whence a branch line extends to Mount Pleasant, ten miles, and there are not only coke ovens on one side of the road, but on both sides almost, if not quite, without intermission. Within the limits of the metropolis night is almost as light as day; the fierce glare of the innumerable coke ovens, the high fire-vomiting chimneys of the iron-works, and the open furnaces, dispel darkness, and give the place a weird, unearthly appearance. And it is thus nearly all the way to Pittsburgh: first there are long lines of open-mouthed ovens sending their peculiar, thin and noxious smoke upward on the right, and then a mile or two and another long line of these brazen-throated fire-eaters, the river just beyond assuming

a hue as if molten streams of lava had been poured out upon its surface. It is directly between counter-fires, for on the opposite side of the river are more coke ovens; and so the line runs—coke ovens here, there and everywhere, and the whole territory alive with begrimed workers of the night. Just below Connellsville is the magnificent new bridge, now in the last stage of completion, and over which will pass the through trains on the B. and O. road from Chicago by what is known as the Wheeling cut-off. This new line of railroad is now in course of construction, and will shorten the time of travel between New York and Chicago by three or four hours.

At McKeesport (a thriving, busy place, where reside thousands of miners, and where capital is employed with unstinted hand) the Youghiogheny meets the Monongahela, and the two rivers join in one continuous flow. Just before arriving at Pittsburgh the Edgar Thompson steel-works are passed, the great area covered by the company being lit up by electric lights, the effect of which, seen from the train, is very striking. Here it was, in the by-gone years, that Braddock met defeat and death. In the glare and the shadows of the electricity the workmen look like giants, and their flitting about peoples the place with ghostly forms. Pittsburgh, while already a very important point in the B. and O. system, will soon become much more so, the completion of the junction road insuring unsurpassed facilities which, by the way, will be entirely and exclusively independent of those possessed by the competing company. As it is now, a change of cars is necessitated at Pittsburgh for Cleveland, Detroit, and other western cities, but it is the only change between Washington and these points. With the completion of the route through Pittsburgh there will be no change whatever to the places named, or to the great oil regions,

Buffalo, Rochester, and other centers that are now practically non-competing from a railroad point of view. By the B. and O. it is seventy odd miles shorter from Cleveland to the National Capital than by any other line, and from Detroit nearly ninety miles shorter. The opening up of such a range of essentially new territory to the Baltimore and Ohio road, with the advantages of direct communication to the great lake regions, will much increase the magnitude of its system, which is already one of the largest in the world.

Back to Cumberland again was but the run of a little over five hours, as the distance is only one hundred and fifty miles.

IN THE MOUNTAINS.





FROM this time forward the route is upon the main line of the B. and O. direct to the West, with no more tours this way or that over branches or divisions, but that preëminently grand tour—over the Alleghany Mountains.

While much has been seen of the picturesque in the roving of the quartet, there is to come that to which in comparison this has been but the work of the amateur likened to the crowning effort of the master. True it is that the Valley of the Virginia presents a varied panorama, glorious in detail and wonderful in contrasts, but the Old Alleghanies are the very personification of artistic imagination—of all that is grand, wild and tremendous in granite upheavals. The best writers—those whose play of imagination enables them to find words for almost every novel or striking object, and whose acquaintance with Webster and with Crabbe affords them an unlimited

fluency of expression—have confessed in the past, as they must do in the future, their inability to do the Alleghanies justice. The literary ability of the Fairy, if he indeed possessed qualifications worthy of being thus designated, had more than once upon the trip been taxed to the utmost to find language in which to fittingly express what to the eye is quickly appreciated, but to convey which to paper is entirely another thing. It would have been an easier task had the trip been made from west to east instead of vice versa, for then the inspiration of the ride over the Alleghanies might have found vent in terms and similes which were fresh and at command. Now, however, after the glowing descriptions already written, to expect him to record accurately the journey from the head of the Potomac to the Ohio was asking more than was in him. Not that his enthusiasm had subsided, or that appreciation had failed to kindle in him an all-controlling desire to proclaim to the world the glories of the scenery, which follow one upon the other so rapidly as to be almost overpowering in their matchless and impressive sublimity. Those whose good fortune it has been to cross the Alleghanies on the B. and O. by daylight need not be told that there is no line of railroad in this country, if indeed in the world, that can be compared to it for variety of mountain scenery. The fact that it is known far and wide as the "Picturesque Line of America" is but a proof of the distinction which is unquestionably its due. Those who are strangers to the comforts, conveniences and enjoyments of the road can have no conception of them except by experience; and while the effort to picture the journey will be most earnest, the portrayal will certainly fall far short of perfection.

From Cumberland through Will's Gap an acquaintance is once more resumed with the Potomac, whose banks

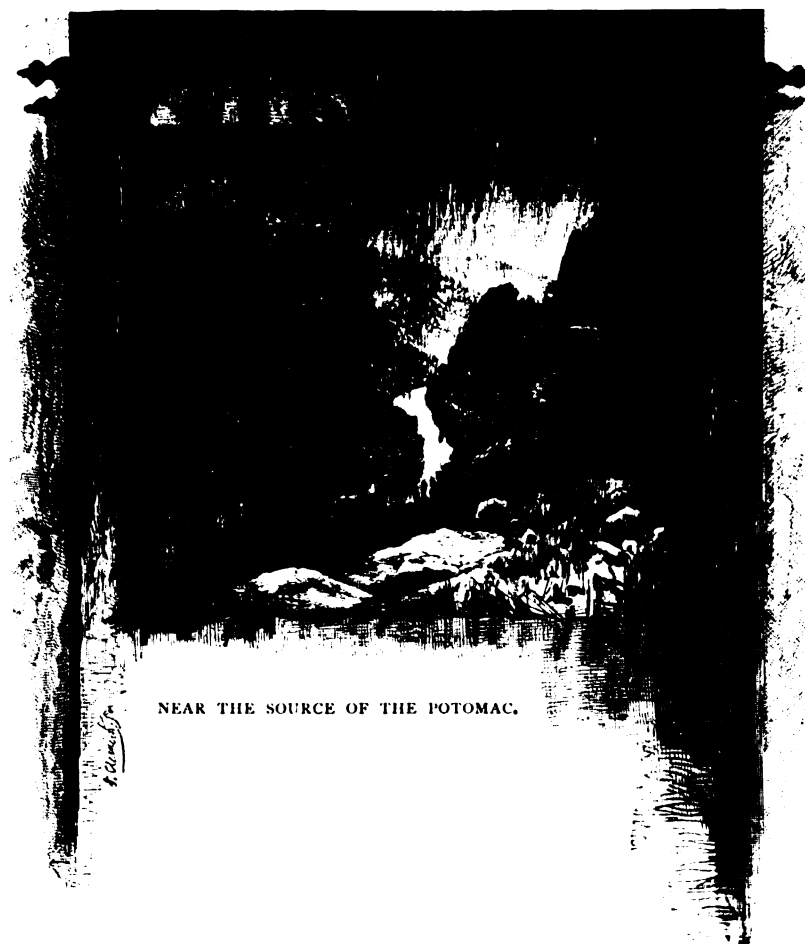


PALISADES OF THE POTOMAC.

gradually come into closer proximity, the water getting shallower and clearer, so that the pebbles and moss at the bottom become distinctly visible, as if nothing intervened but a sheet of glass.

At Keyser are the extensive cattle-yards belonging to the Company, which, together with other established interests, render this a place of considerable thrift. Just here the road is through a dark chasm, where the ledges thrusting out on either side cast a deep gloom over the track and train alike.

Piedmont, five miles farther, is, as the name implies, the foot of the mountains. Its appearance is not particularly inviting, but from a business standpoint it has attractions which commercial men quickly appreciate. The B. & O. Company has large shops here, as it is the terminus of a division of the road. The location is an exceedingly happy one, being not merely at the base of an abrupt range, but in a ravine down which whirls a torrent and whose shores are thickly wooded. Here commences the seventeen-mile grade, as railroad-men call it, and it is one stretch of grandeur that is, perhaps, without an equal. The locomotive at once gives evidence of the increased strain to which it is subjected, and its hoarse breathings are echoed in the recesses of the distant mountains, where they die away in the still atmosphere that reverberates its sighful response. The Potomac, dwindling into comparative insignificance, loses itself at last in the hidden springs of its source. The good-bye to the familiar thread of water is uttered with regret; but for this the fury of Savage River, which plunges onward between the gorges of the peak from which it derives its name, abundantly compensates. Deeper now and more sonorous the engine growls as it grasps the steel in its steep ascent, and more distant the river in its rocky channel far below. There is a turn in the mountain-side,



NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE POTOMAC.

and the steam-choked motor is allowed a few moments' respite. Meanwhile, the eye of the traveler is delighted with what would seem to be an infinity of space were its width not limited by the walls of the gorge, upon the rugged edges of which are to be found growing in scant soil the spruce and the pine. Struggling waters trickle down the crumbling sandstone, and vegetation of a sparse description hangs over on the verge of despair. Openings here, great rents in the rocks there, and century-battered peaks that reach appealingly to the clouds, as if in agony at the ruthlessness of the elements which they send down upon them. In short, the entire picture is one continuous testimony to the complete ruin that has been effected by volcanic action. Back around the curve once more, so abrupt and so rocky is the path ahead that one involuntarily pays silent tribute to the hardy men who crushed the mountains and took from their very breasts the substance which now constitutes so solid a base for the train. Here is Nature in her glory; here she reigns in majesty undisputed, her power untrammelled, and her sway absolute. Men have dared to defile rocks and trees, but the ruins of the old mill which was to saw in twain the monarchs of the forest tell how futile the effort. The structure, long since gone to decay, now only demonstrates the contrast between the hand of man and that of Nature. Progressing by slow strides the engine is once more within the confines of mountain solemnity, and there is no other evidence of human existence than the seared rocks, the cross-ties, and the steel over which the way is made.

The ascent continues, and the aptly-named station Altamont comes into view, and the snorting and long-suppressed efforts of the steam to escape from the great iron-bound boiler cease. The mountains are now below, for the train has reached the summit and the eye roams at



ON THE PORCH AT DEER PARK.

will over the billowy masses. Savage River had gone no man could tell where, and its place had been taken by another and then another stream; and Crabtree Gorge, the last opening that had been passed through in the upward course, now presented the aspect of an exceedingly narrow ravine. The only wonder seemed to be how a railroad train could ever penetrate its granite depths.

The elevation is now nearly three thousand feet above tide-water, and the atmospheric change is very perceptible. The lungs, stirred to unwonted activity by the exhilarating draught, expand to new action, and one stands more erect, feeling that there is much in life, and that he is infinitely better prepared to enjoy it when every physical power is so invigorated.

THE GLADES.

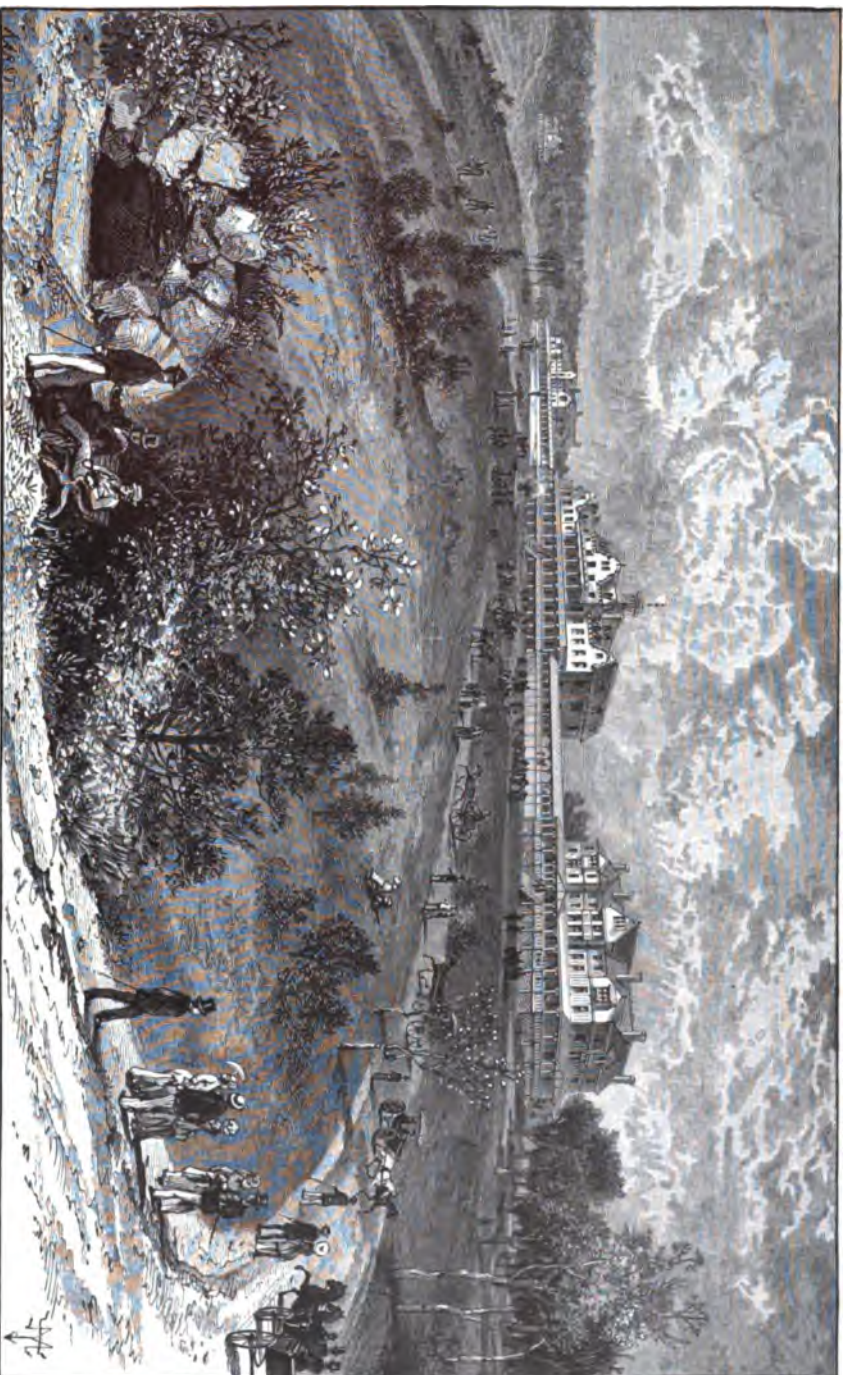




THE train stands upon the crest of the range that divides the waters flowing through the Ohio and the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico on the west, and those which feed the Potomac and the Chesapeake until they empty into the Atlantic on the east. Here is the head of the Youghioghenny, and its width is but a man's step.

The lay of the country, as the expression goes, is of the meadow order, with undulating surface and billowy eminences. A three-mile jaunt and Deer Park comes into view, its location upon the brow of a long, sloping promontory striking the observer at first sight as singularly picturesque. The enterprise and liberality of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company made the Glades habitable, and more than this the most enjoyable section which can be found anywhere within a day's ride of the leading cities not only of the East but of the West as well. It is less than twenty-four hours' ride to Chicago or St. Louis; and

leaving Cincinnati in the evening, breakfast the following morning is taken on top of the Alleghanies. So, too, from New York and Philadelphia, as it is only a single night's ride from either of these cities, and from Baltimore and Washington but the matter of eight or nine hours, with three fast express trains in each direction every day. The facility with which the Glades are reached is a strong point in favor of Deer Park, and also of Oakland, the twin resort being only three miles distant. No stage riding or journeying in vehicle of any kind is necessitated, as both places are immediately adjacent to the track, and in pleasant weather few if any of the guests think of any other motive power in going from depot to hotel than that which they themselves possess. The Company has expended money with almost prodigal hand on these two resorts, improvements and additions having been completed which have doubled their capacity and met every requirement. It would be a difficult task to conjecture what might have been lacking other than increased accommodations to satisfy demands and insure satisfaction. So popular are these houses that heretofore only those who came at the commencement of the season were certain of entertainment, and it was not an infrequent occurrence, prior to the enlargement, to decline the reception of more guests than the house contained. The reputation of the culinary department is such that heads of families who can spend only Sundays with their families at these resorts look forward to their brief visit with as keen anticipations of the good things for the inner man as of those for the outer man. It is not the easiest thing in the world to decide upon a place where one can pass the summer time and enjoy not only the comforts of home in general, but also the satisfaction of knowing that the table will not be such as to make a man wonder why he gave up housekeeping, even temporarily, to be subjected



DEER PARK.

to such aggravations of appetite. Although not the rule, perhaps, at the average summer resort to allow guests to draw their sustenance mainly from the scenery, yet it is evident, from the way many of them are managed, that the proprietors' convictions are pretty firm that such repasts are to a certain extent soul-satisfying. Neither is it always considered desirable even to lay carpet upon the floor of the rooms, at least other than a little strip by the bedside; and anything in the way of a box to place a wash-basin on and a four-by-six-inch mirror to make toilet by are thought to be good enough for visitors. Whatever may be the rule followed at some other places, it has no controlling influence at Deer Park or Oakland, as every room at both resorts is carpeted and provided with furniture of the most substantial character, in designs pleasing to the eye and meeting all the requirements of practical use. Patrons may take their choice of location. Should one desire to be out upon the open mountain, with an unobstructed view of many miles' extent, and with more country rambles than he can ever make in a stay of reasonable length, he may stop at Deer Park. On the other hand, if it pleases him best to be quartered where noble old trees cast over him their protecting shade; if he loves to sit where his eye can roam down through clustering foliage, affording here and there glimpses of clear and sparkling streams, alighting presently upon the snug and peaceful village of stores and churches and cozy homes, then he will go to Oakland. Perchance he may prefer a variety, spending a portion of his time at the one place and a portion at the other. In such a case the wish need be no more than father to the accomplishment. A fine road connects the two resorts, affording a taste of mountain driving and valley speeding, with the only regret that it is not double the distance. During the season it is almost a boulevard, presenting as it does all the



OAKLAND VILLAGE.

animated appearance of a fashionable drive. Many of the guests having their own equipages make daily trips backward and forward. Others not so provided are afforded ample privileges to enjoy their liking for a spirited drive, as the livery facilities are all that the most exacting could wish for. The main building at Deer Park has by the recent improvements been enlarged and the dining-room increased to double its former capacity. Flanking either side of the hotel are the new annexes—the architecture of the Queen Anne order—and their exterior adding greatly to the ornamental attractiveness of the place. They are connected by light and graceful passage-ways covered overhead, and so arranged as to be closed on all sides in inclement weather. In the west annex is a ball-room—one of the most spacious and best arranged to be found at any summer resort. To attempt to detail the number of places where guests may take a walk or choose for a day's picnicing, or for other enjoyments, would be almost like counting the sands upon the sea-shore. In so wide and varied an extent of country as the Glades one may find new delights every day of the season.

Among other improvements made by the B. and O. Company at Oakland a wing has been built on the east end, of the same length as that on the west, and both ends are supplemented with entirely new structures, so that the walk to the end of the halls is something of a journey. Also a new ball-room has been provided, and this is one of the more prominent features of Oakland, as it is of Deer Park. It is an extension back toward the mountain from the east wing and opening from the main parlor, as well as out upon the gallery. Excellent musical organizations have been perfected for both resorts, and there will be concerts during the day and balls every evening. The character of the guests at Oakland and Deer



OAKLAND.

Park has since the opening of the resorts been strictly of the highest order. The old aristocratic families of Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia have for many seasons spent the summer in the Glades of the Alleghanies, and of late years Western people have become attached to the locality, and not a few of the best-known families regularly make the season at Deer Park or else at Oakland. The result is that the social aspect at either of those places corresponds with that which is found at only a few of the summer resorts, and the friendships established during the season very often last for life. Of the beneficial effects of a sojourn at this altitude little need be said, as those who have studied the advantages of pure, bracing air, and of an atmosphere that never during the hottest months exceeds 70°, and invariably at night is sufficiently cool to necessitate the use of blankets, and plenty of them, are familiar with the facts of the case. There are now accommodations at Deer Park and Oakland for fully a thousand people, and the houses under the immediate personal management, as they are, of one of the best-known and most popular hotel men in the country, there can be no question of the entertainment being all that the most particular can demand.

An important characteristic of the Glades, and one which it would be inexcusable to neglect to mention, considering the numbers who participate in the sport, is the first-class facility for hunting, game being abundant in the vicinity. It is no uncommon thing to meet, in the office or halls of either Deer Park or Oakland, gentlemen attired in flannel shirts, closely-belted blouses and high top-boots, their ruddy complexions and springy step denoting recuperated powers and perfect health. There are day jaunts almost without number, and for a week's camping out there is no section east of the Rocky Mountains to be



GARRETT COTTAGE, DEER PARK.

compared with the Blackwater country back in the mountains, a day's travel from Oakland. In this wild and almost untrodden region there is game in great plenty, large as well as small, and of an endless variety. The fishing is on a par with the hunting, the strings of trout sent back being not infrequently of such dimensions as to warrant the introduction of the delicacy upon the hotel bill of fare. There is good fishing nearer by, but the Blackwater is the queen of all streams for trout.

From early in the spring until late in the fall, tickets are issued by the B. and O. from all principal points on its lines to these resorts at scarcely more than the regular fare one way, and during the season many through passengers to the east or west, as the case may be, take advantage of the privilege allowed them on their tickets of stopping over to spend such time as they may have at command in enjoying the entertainment at one or the other of the Company's hotels.

ON TO THE WEST.





THE Four formed a group upon the rear platform of the car as the train left Oakland, but the view of the resort was quickly lost. A sharp curve in the road, with the mountains, shut out from sight everything but their own granite countenances. The line of Maryland was shortly recrossed and the train once more in West Virginia, the labored respiration of the engine indicating unmistakably the fact that the grade was a heavy one; and another bend in the track soon verified the indication, as a glance down the precipitous side of the mountain hardly reached the river below. River, however, it could not in justice be called, as it is barely ten feet across; but it makes up in depth what it lacks in breadth, as it rushes with great velocity on its sparkling way to some unknown point of juncture with sister waves.

A run of ten miles brought the quartet to Cranberry Summit, where is unrolled a panorama of wide extent. It

partakes of the valley character, notwithstanding its high elevation. The surrounding peaks are not so distinctly marked as they are from a lower altitude. Pastoral beauties enter into the scene, there being little patches of wheat and other grain that betoken the efforts of the husbandman to obtain from the kindly earth a suitable return for his honest toil. Looking westward the hills grow more symmetrical and more sharply outlined. Back of them is a clearly-defined range of mountains, and still beyond is seen a solitary peak rising high and bold as the center of observation. A deviation in the line of the road revealed a gorge which, opening up on either side, displayed Salt Lick Falls. The fall of water is not great, but is most attractive for its graceful forms and delicate transparency. The iron steed now makes better time, as it is on a down-grade, and for a change it is not unpleasant to watch the rapidly-approaching stream and the increasing elevation of the rocky walls adjacent. The density of the forest through which the train cuts its way now served to shut out everything else, and the attention of the quartet was for the nonce turned to themselves. This lasted but a moment, for Rowlesburg came into view, and the first sight of Cheat River was obtained. The stream, contrary to the usual rule, is well named, for it is like the thimble-rigger's marble, "Now you see it and now you don't." But the conundrum of its source was trifling compared with how the train was ever to get free of the prodigious piles of rock that appeared to wall in the place like an amphitheater. To go straight ahead would be to butt square up against a bulwark of granite beside which the dome of the Capitol at Washington would be as a fly-speck. Twisting and turning, dashing to the very face of the rock here and almost leaping a stream there, the train extricated itself from the apparently impenetrable cañon only to be as inev-



ON CRANBERRY GRADE.

itably hemmed in by another. So close is the companionship of these ponderous giants of granite that the sun at certain seasons of the year rarely dissipates the shadows, while during the summer months its rays are shut out until ten or eleven o'clock. It was at the southern extremity of this series of wild gorges that the preliminary skirmishing of the war occurred, McClellan chasing Floyd down the Cheat River and succeeding in inflicting such punishment upon him that the Confederate troops became demoralized and fled in all directions. Not a few of them were entirely unacquainted with the trackless section, and naught was ever known of them save that their companies' rolls bore the melancholy report, "missing."

No longer does the engine proceed on its way quiet and tractable, but instead the tremendous throbbing tells of the sharpness of the ascent; and one need not lean out of the car window to realize the increasing elevation, for the railroad runs to the verge of the chasm. Down, down, as far as the eye can reach, the mighty torrent rushes and tumbles in great jumps over gigantic rocks that have broken away from above and settled in the narrow bed. The mountains on the other side rise abruptly thousands of feet in height, and nowhere in all the great forest that covers them can the eye of man detect a break, so close is the growth. The train passes along the ledges, relinquishing one only to climb another of greater elevation than before, the river meanwhile becoming like a silver thread. Up in the dizzy heights the line of the road pursues its course, and the traveler can look down on one side into nearly impenetrable depths, and on the other side the bleak rocks tower grim and forbidding. The awful crevices made in some of them by the tireless action of time have caused large, overhanging crags to form almost an archway beneath which the engine runs. Many



CHEAT RIVER, NEAR ROWLESBURG.

of these are almost startling in shape—some of them resembling gigantic heads surmounted by sparsely clothed spruce-trees, with their naked arms stretched out beseechingly, as it were, for mercy. No succor can reach them, for no foot can approach their habitation; there they must stand while ages go on until the angry heavens destroy them with their bolts of liquid fire, or through the unrelenting bitterness of the wind they are robbed of their existence; then they totter and fall, always clear of the track, to the foot of the gorge below, where they are ruthlessly battered about by the furious waters, or perchance some portion of them is thrown up on a barren spot to rot. The mighty buttresses of rock continue to fall into line, as it were, like giant soldiers, to repel the advance of man; but the while they rear their repellent heads the train glides in and about their feet with impunity.

From shelf to shelf, from crag to crag, from brink to brink, move the swiftly-revolving wheels, the eye, forced to follow the declivities of the inclosing walls, endeavoring to find rest upon the boiling waters of the pent-up river.

Like a flash comes the transformation, and for a moment one can scarcely believe that it is the heart of the Alleghanies. Here to the right is a garden-patch presenting all the exquisite combinations of colors to be found in the choicest of plants and foliage. From the heart of the serpentine walks, the rich-hued hedges, and the trembling lily-stalks, spring the bright, chaste waters which have been stolen from a mountain brooklet and lifted up to add fresh sweetness to the pure atmosphere. The intelligence and taste manifested in this little floricultural display were not of an ordinary kind; indeed the mind that conceived and the hands that developed this little gem are to be envied. This is Buckhorn Wall, the most noted and the most admired view that can be had from any known point in

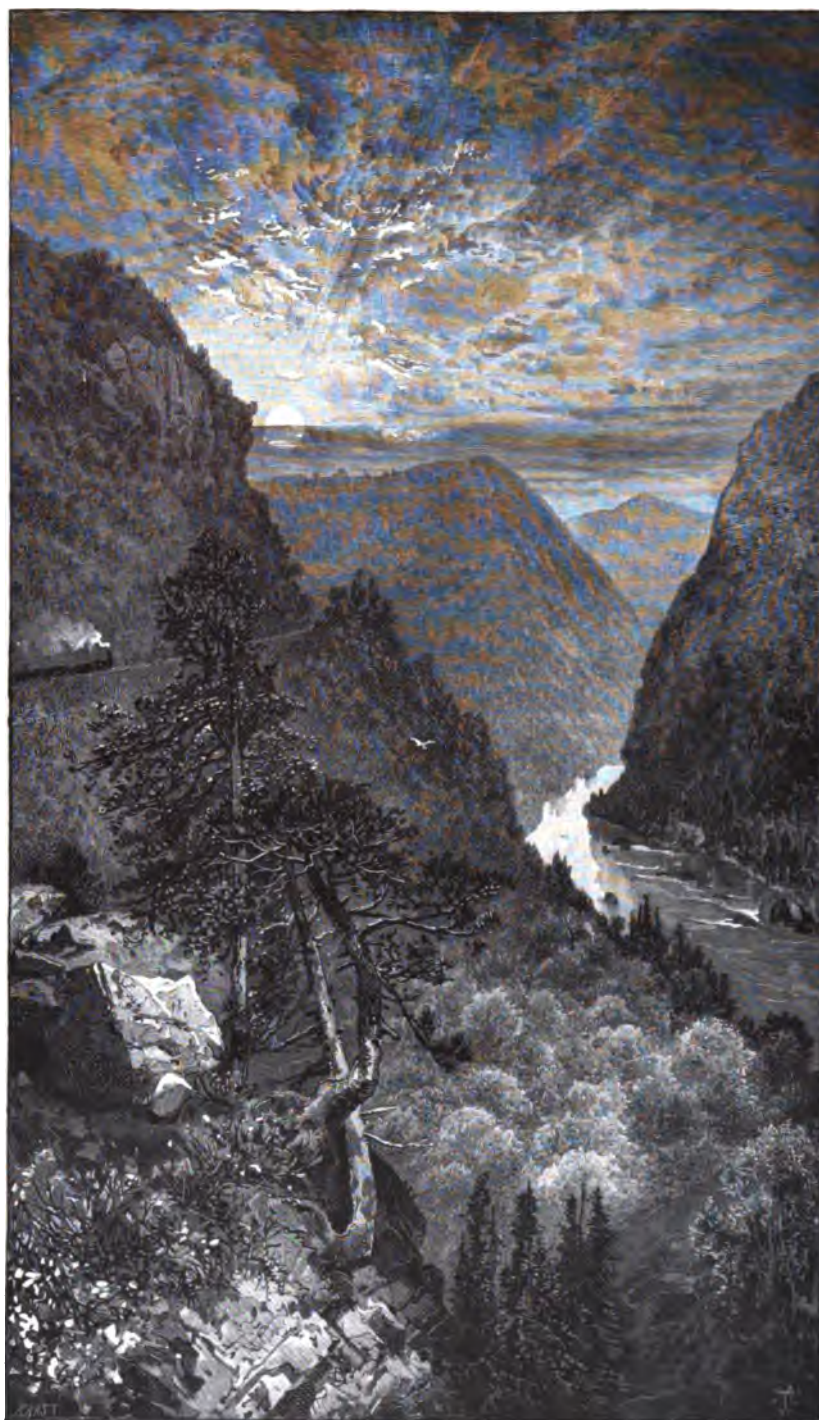


CLEMENTS' FOUNTAIN.



BUCKHORN WALL.

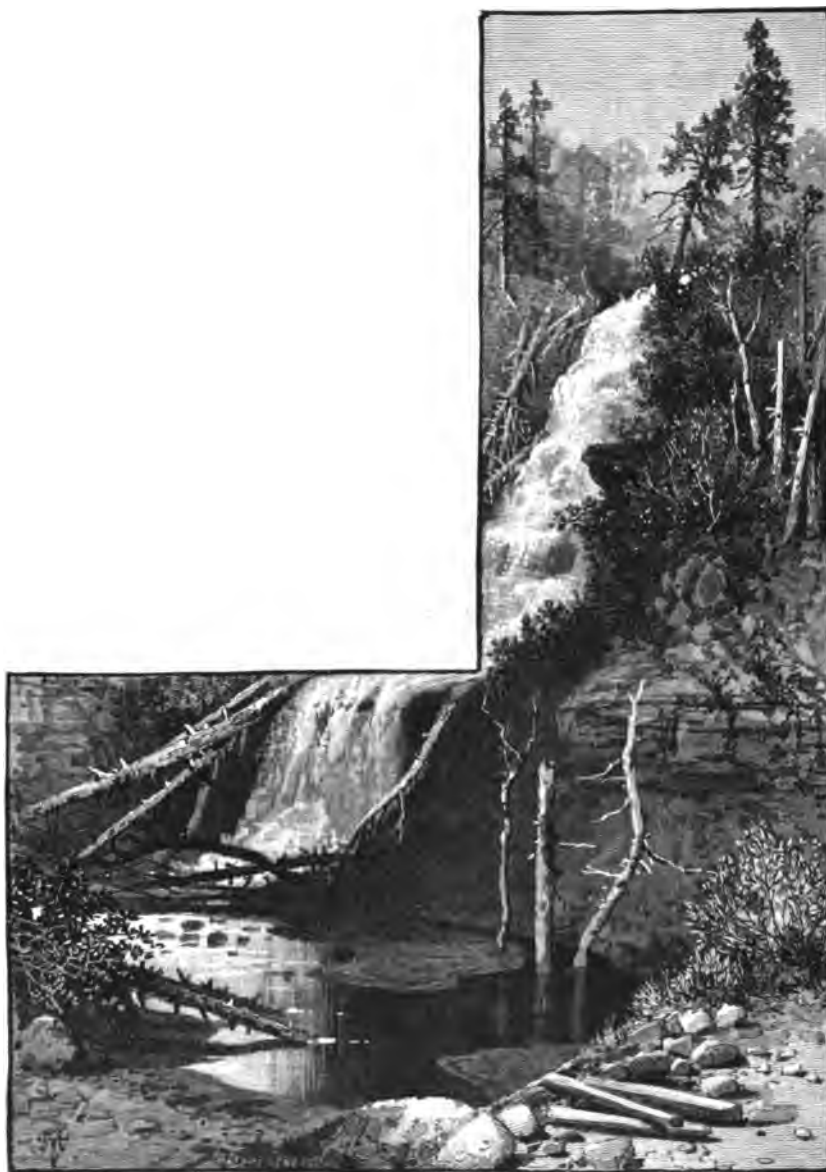
the Alleghany range. It has been the theme of many descriptions, and the inspiration of not a few of the most distinguished triumphs of artistic culture. To enable the road to span the tremendous gorge a massive wall was constructed of cut stone for a distance of several hundred feet and to the depth of more than one hundred feet. Looking directly down from a position on the great flat stones forming the upper barrier, the declivity to the end of the masonry itself is appalling, but with four times the number of feet added to it the distance to the water-level is not overestimated. The river makes a bold turn at nearly right angles, and this opens up to view a deep cañon extending for miles, which is guarded by mountain peaks compared to which those beheld elsewhere on the journey are as mole-hills. Line upon line distinctly traces the contour of the mountain, until they become a labyrinth, the way between them indicated only by the stream which has become placid and smooth as ivory. The shadowy outlines of other peaks steal out from the haze, and in the blue of the lessening distance almost lead one to doubt whether they are really substance or merely formations of rapidly-shifting clouds. Their hoary heads seem to bid welcome to the Alleghanies over which they have for untold centuries kept watch and guard. Directly opposite, in the middle-ground, so to speak, towers the tallest mountain of all; its configuration is visible to the water's edge. Its symmetrical proportions are cause for wonderment that any upheaval of nature should have assumed such a shape. Like its fellows, its form, though graceful, is still weird. The interlocked trees pad its breast with the most pleasing shades of green, but the awe is nevertheless overpowering, and man feels his littleness of stature in the presence of such giant works of nature. Nothing can be in stronger contrast to this wild and unre-



THE HEART OF THE ALLEGHANIES—CHEAT RIVER.

strained grandeur than the tropical brilliancy of colors on the little spot which has been reclaimed from out all this wilderness of untamed creation. From the cliff thus topped with blooming beauty falls a cataract, its pearly waters breaking over sharp ledges of rock, trickling here and merrily sporting there with projecting shelves, and at last, in one supreme leap, falling to the lowest depths. Down on the steep river banks men have toiled almost in vain to find a resting-place, that speckled beauties might be enticed from the water and taken as trophies of the perilous descent to obtain them.

A plunge through the rocky gap at the western extremity and Buckhorn Wall is gone ; so, too, the river, and for a time the journey appears to have lost its charm ; but other attractions soon demand attention, and though the route may not be so ineffably grand, still it has much to please the eye, even that of an artist. As the train glides to lower declivities the country opens up, and in place of the savage and uncultivated in nature there come familiar scenes, which carry the beholder back to real life, and take away, to a certain extent, the great tension which the nerves have been called upon to sustain for so many hours. It might be imagined from this that there are terrors in crossing the Alleghanies, and that the transit were one of pain rather than unalloyed pleasure ; this, however, is not the fact, for the most timid have no cause for apprehension. The track of the road, laid as it is upon the solid rock, the force of men stationed all along the route, and the necessary slackening of speed in ascending and descending heavy grades, do away with all possibility of accident and fortify the passenger with perfect confidence that no road could be safer and less liable to untoward adventure. The strain is in the unusual atmosphere pervading the mountains, in the wild witchery of the savage gorges, the



THE FALLS.

precipitous cliffs and angry waters. He is indeed to be pitied who could make the journey over the Alleghanies without having his heart stirred to the highest degree and his senses made willing captive to the wondrous scenery which belongs to them.

Grafton is the end of the third division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and is possibly the busiest junction point on the entire line, since the trains diverge here for Parkersburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis, as well as for Wheeling and Chicago. Another of the Company's hotels is to be found at Grafton. The renovations and improvements which have been lately made add materially to its capacity for the prompt and satisfactory entertainment of guests.

Clarksburg, W. Va., on the line to Parkersburg, is one of the largest towns in the state, and was the birthplace of Stonewall Jackson. The gas-coal interests are here largely developed, as are also the petroleum, it being the center of very extensive oil-producing regions. The mineral oil now so well known was named from a spring here, and for a number of years was valued only as a liniment, and as such was sold in large quantities. Crossing the Ohio at Parkersburg the Baltimore and Ohio trains pass directly on to Cincinnati and thence to St. Louis without change. Baltimore, by the B. and O. road, is no less than two hundred and fifty-nine miles the nearest sea-port from St. Louis, two hundred and sixty-two miles the nearest from Louisville, two hundred and twenty-five miles the nearest from Cincinnati, one hundred and fifty-six miles the nearest from Chicago, and one hundred and seventeen miles the nearest from Pittsburgh. These advantages of distance over those to New York from the cities named give the basis for the differential rates claimed by the B. and O.; and this simple statement may serve to explain to those



TWILIGHT ON THE GRADE.

who are uninitiated the cause of the many prolonged contentions between the trunk lines over the matter of differentials. The northern trunk lines claim that freight rates to the sea-board should be the same to New York as they are to Baltimore, and very naturally and sensibly the Baltimore and Ohio disputes this position, and, despite all the efforts to prevent it, has steadily maintained a tariff granting Baltimore the benefits of its geographical importance as the nearest of all the Atlantic sea-board cities to the great commercial centers of the West. As there are doubtless many who are more or less mystified by the exact meaning of the term "trunk lines" a word or two in explanation may not be amiss. Imagine the head and shoulders to be New England, and the legs and feet the West, and then remember that there are but four lines of railway between the East and the West, and it will at once be perceived that all the business between the extremes must be done on these lines, or in other words that which comes from the feet and legs must pass through the trunk to reach the head and arms, and vice versa. The force of the term "trunk lines" will from this be properly understood.

From Grafton to Chicago, the fourth division, as it is called, of the Baltimore and Ohio, terminates at the Ohio River, just below the city of Wheeling. Crossing the river the road leads through such important business centers in the "Buckeye State" as Bellaire, Cambridge, Zanesville, Newark (from this point a branch extends to Columbus, thirty-three miles), Mansfield and Chicago Junction. Between the junction and Chicago are Tiffin, Defiance, and other thriving cities, and the division bisects nearly, if not quite, all the leading lines that traverse the state. At Chicago, as well as at Cincinnati and St. Louis, sharp and close connections are made with all routes leading to the West, Northwest and Southwest.





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